

JAPAN

SPECIAL NUMBER

JAPAN

The **CHAUTAUQUAN**



*A Magazine of
Things Worth While*

A
READING
JOURNEY
THROUGH
JAPAN

ILLUSTRATED

By Anna C. Hartshorne
of Tokyo
Japan

AUGUST

PRICE 25 CENTS

1904

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

A Monthly Magazine of Things Worth While

Official Publication of Chautauqua Institution

Contents for August, 1904.

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(Illustrated)

By Anna C. Hartshorne

Author of "Japan and Her People"

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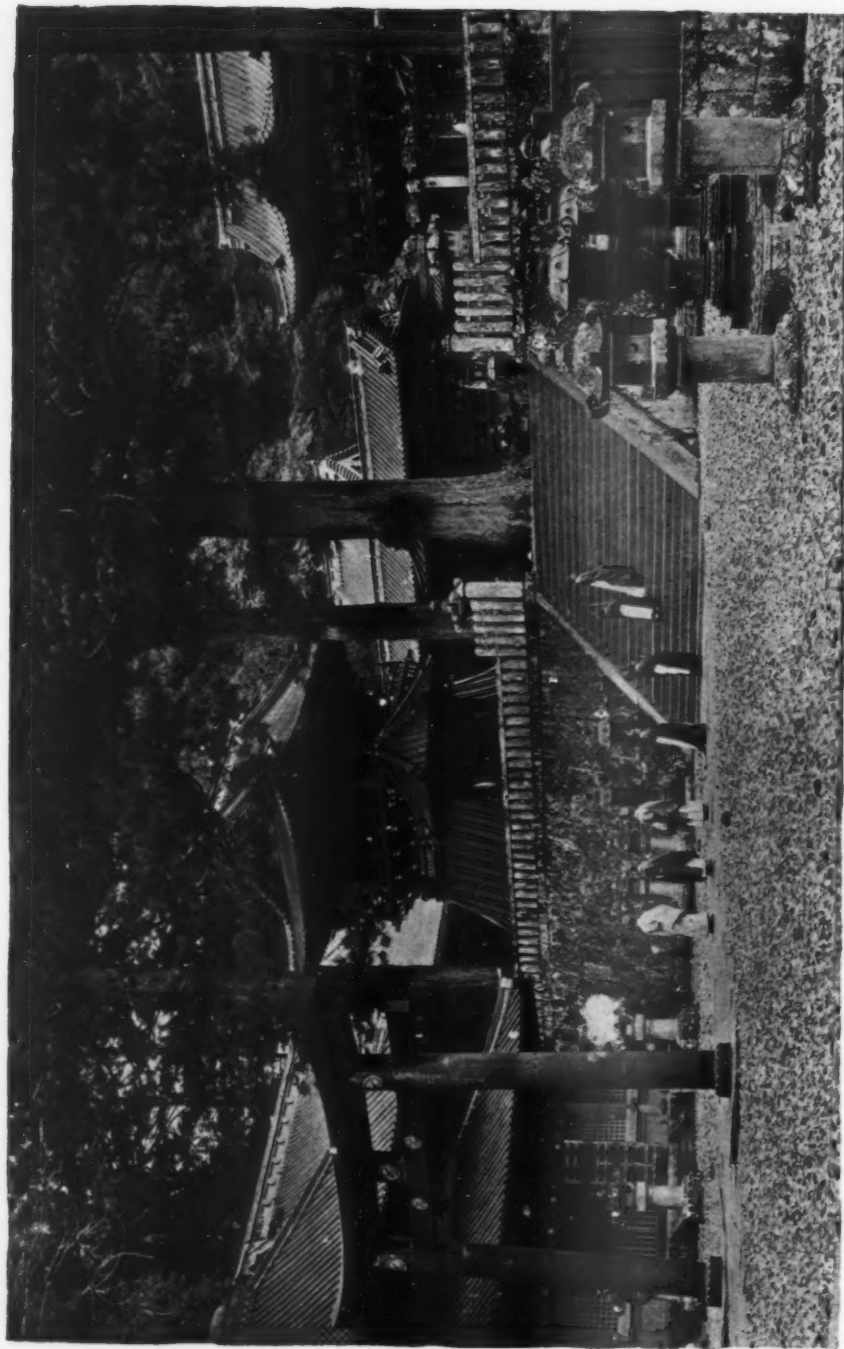
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BUSINESS AND SUBSCRIPTION OFFICES, EDITORIAL OFFICES, EASTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE, WESTERN ADVERTISING OFFICE,
Springfield, Ohio. Chicago, Illinois. New York, N. Y. Chicago, Illinois.

Entered according to Act of Congress, August, 1904, by THE CHAUTAUQUA PRESS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress
Washington, D. C.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.00. Single Copies, 20c.

Entered September 30, 1902, at Springfield, Ohio, as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.



GRAND ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE OF IEYASU AT NIKKO

The shrine and the tomb of Ieyasu, founder of the Tokugawa dynasty of shoguns, is within this temple, which is considered the finest in Japan.

THE CHAUTAUQUAN

VOL. XXXIX

AUGUST, 1904

No. 6

Highway & Byway

MORE than once has the country been shocked by reports of outrage and violence growing out of labor troubles in the mining sections of Colorado. For some years certain counties have been in a state of chronic insurrection. The strikes, dead-locks, assassinations (including the dynamite outrage of the early part of June), collisions with the militia, proclamation of martial law and all the drastic measures taken by Governor Peabody and of vigilante societies—all these things are phases of a struggle between the organized miners and the mine owners over an eight-hour day.

There is little doubt that there has been lawlessness on both sides. Impartial investigators charge that the mining corporations, by pressure, bribery and intimidation, secured the defeat of an eight-hour act which an amendment to the constitution of the state *directed* the legislature to pass. However this may be, no amount of corporate corruption can excuse crime and rioting and rebellion against the authorities of the state, and public sentiment has been on the side of Governor Peabody, who has used the militia to enforce order and protect the non-union miners.

Features of this sensational conflict have been deportation by vigilante societies of miners suspected of complicity in outrages, wrecking of newspaper offices, arrest and detention of labor leaders in military camps and bullpens, the denial of the right of courts to issue writs of habeas corpus, and suppression of all ordinary rights of citizenship. Some judges have protested against the course of the executive and the mili-

tary authorities, but an appeal in the case of the president of the Western Federation of Miners resulted in a sweeping decision by the supreme court fully sustaining the course of Governor Peabody.

This decision, indeed, is of national importance. The main question involved was whether the executive was empowered to suspend the writ of habeas corpus and declare the state, or any part of it, under martial law, in the sense that the civil authorities and courts could not exercise their ordinary functions and prerogatives. The main points of the decision are summarized as follows:

(1) The governor has sole power to determine when a state of insurrection exists in any county in the state. The courts have no power to interfere with his exercise of this prerogative.

(2) The governor has the right to use the military forces of the state to suppress insurrection. He also has the power to order the imprisonment and the killing of insurrectionists if in his opinion that extremity is necessary.

(3) He can detain military prisoners until he decides that the insurrection is quelled.

(4) The courts of the state have no right to interfere with the military authorities and their handling of prisoners. They have no power to attempt to discharge military prisoners.

After this sweeping decision was rendered matters, instead of improving, grew steadily worse for a time. The dynamite outrage at Independence led to a riot at Victor and to wholesale deportation of union miners by the militia and bands of vigilantes. One mine, in which union men were employed, was forcibly closed by the military authorities on the ground that, by giving aid and comfort to the

miners' organization, it encouraged insurrection and sedition. Even sympathizers with the striking miners in the counties affected were expelled from the state.



GEORGE B.
CORTELYOU

Chairman Republican
National Committee.

The action of the Colorado executive in permitting the militia to violate even martial law, and in suffering vigilantes to take matters into their own hands, was severely criticized by many conservative newspapers. The labor organizations of the country passed strong resolutions of protest, denied that the miners' union had instigated the dynamite plot and demanded intervention by the president of the United States. The proposal that federal troops be ordered into the disturbed Colorado district to protect the rights of the miners and suppress violence and lawlessness was, however, seconded by no other element. Constitutional objections and difficulties were raised. In case of domestic violence in a state the president may not interfere or send troops except upon the application of the legislature, or of the governor when the legislature cannot be convened. During the great railroad strike of a decade ago, troops were ordered into Illinois without an application from the state authorities, but in that case, it is pointed out, United States property was attacked and threatened. In Colorado no government interest or function was interfered with, and the state claimed to be equal to the emergency. In these circumstances there was no disposition at Washington to intervene for any purpose. Is it necessary to add that in certain quarters this abstention was ascribed to "politics," to fear of offending the mining interests?

The suggestion has been made, however, that the United States might have intervened and assumed control under other clauses of the constitution—namely, those guaranteeing "due process of law" to individuals, prohibiting infringement upon personal or property rights of citizens by states without such "due process," and assuring to each state a "republican form of government." That many citizens were deprived of rights in an utterly illegal manner, was admitted by the Colorado authorities themselves, who pleaded "necessity" and the preservation of society. The question of the protection of the rights of a citizen of the United States by the United States, when these rights are invaded or violated by a state, is a most vital one which has never received proper judicial consideration. As the constitution has been materially modified, enlarged and "amended" by public opinion and unwritten laws, the uncertainty prevailing with regard to so important a matter as that specified—the safeguarding of the rights of a citizen of the United States as such—may well cause surprise.

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The Bill of Rights in the Philippines

When, some three years ago, in the so-called insular tariff cases, the federal supreme court decided that the term "United States" as used in the constitution did not embrace territory and possessions of the United States, and that the constitution did not necessarily follow the flag and extend of its own force to new acquisitions, it was intimated by way of *obiter dicta* that this might not be true of the Bill of Rights—that is, of the early amend-



WILLIAM H. MOODY

Appointed Attorney
General of the United
States.

ments guaranteeing popular rights, liberties and immunities against possible invasion by government or by despotic majorities. The question, however, was left open, and till lately no opportunity of settling it had presented itself.

The Bill of Rights, it will be remembered, was extended to the new possessions of the country first by direction of the president and subsequently by congressional legislation. Two exceptions, however, were made originally in the case of the Philippine Islands, and they are still in effect. The right to trial by jury and the right to bear arms have been withheld from the natives and residents of the archipelago.

No Filipino has complained of the denial of trial by jury, never having known that "palladium of liberty," but there are many Americans in the islands, and it was plainly a very important and practical question to them whether or not, as American citizens, they were entitled, when charged with a criminal or semi-criminal offense, to indictment and trial after the manner prescribed by the constitution.

This question was actually presented to the supreme court in a case determined a few weeks since. Two Americans, editors of a newspaper published in Manila, had been tried for criminal libel and convicted

by a Philippine court. The trial and convictions were illegal and void if the constitutional provisions for grand and petit juries applied to the Philippines regardless of the failure of congress to extend them to that possession. The defendants took an appeal, and the supreme court (Justice Harlan dissenting) overruled their objections and sustained the proceedings.



PAUL MORTON
Appointed Secretary of
the Navy.

The opinion argues that since the government may acquire territory in various ways, and since congress is given full power to make all the needful rules and regulations for the government of such territory, the constitution cannot, without legislation and of its own force, carry any rights to the inhabitants and residents of unincorporated territory. Trial by jury, like any other right secured by the constitution, may be withheld from any territory that is not made a part of the United States, and only congress can

incorporate new territory—unless the treaty of cession itself incorporates it, treaties having the force of law.

Justice Harlan can find no ground in the constitution for this view. The rights of indictment and trial by jury, he says, are guaranteed not to citizens alone, but to all persons owing allegiance to or residing within the jurisdiction of the United States. He quotes the language of the instrument to show that "the guaranties for the protection of life, liberty and property embodied in the constitution were for the benefit of all, of whatever race or nativity, either in the states composing the union or in any territory, however acquired, over which and for the independence of which the United States may exercise the power conferred upon it by the constitution."

According to the court when the constitution uses the word "no person," it means no person in the United States and any incorporated territory of the union. According to Justice Harlan and all anti-imperialists, it means no person under the American flag. A strong statement of the anti-imperialist view is found in the



VICTOR H. METCALF
Appointed Secretary of
Commerce and Labor.

following passage from an editorial in the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*:

"In expelling the English agitator, John Turner, from the United States the other



GENERAL KUROIKI
Victorious Japanese
Leader.

day, the supreme court said that he could not claim the protection of the constitutional Bill of Rights because he was not an American citizen. The American constitution, said the court, was made for the American people. We now face the singular fact that when an American citizen happens to be in that part of United States territory known as the Philippine Islands, he might as well be an Englishman, a Russian or a Hot-

tentot. In that particular place, under the very folds of the American flag, none of us can claim the protection of the guaranties of the fifth and sixth articles of the constitutional Bill of Rights any more than the foreigner John Turner could claim the right of free speech in New York. In short, the American constitution was made for the American people—only in spots."

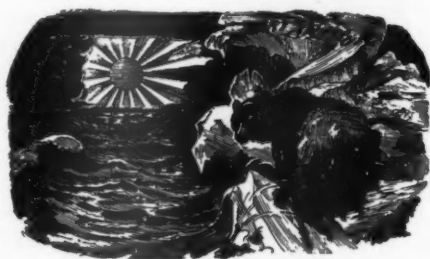


Russian Reverses and Difficulties

While the outcome of the war in the Far East is as uncertain as ever, Russia's position is, in some respects, as desperate as the imagination can well picture it. Some successes she has had, the most notable of them being the second raid of the Vladivostok squadron under the dashing and aggressive Skrydloff. This was really a brilliant exploit and it cost Japan 1,500 lives and many siege guns, not to speak of ammunition, specie and horses. But this episode cannot have affected materially the course of campaign. Aside from this, the land operations have steadily favored the invading armies. Since the crossing of the Yalu the Japanese have

taken position after position, sometimes at heavy sacrifices, sometimes without much loss. The taking of Kinchau, which isolated Port Arthur, led the observers to expect an immediate assault on the fortress, but General Kuropatkin (obeying orders from St. Petersburg, it is supposed, against his own judgment) tried to create a diversion, perhaps to come to the rescue of the besieged garrison, by sending General Stakelberg south with a small force. The latter was encountered by the Japanese at Wafangtien, about seventy miles north of Port Arthur, and decisively defeated after a two days' battle. He fought well, but was outnumbered and outgeneraled. Several minor engagements followed this battle, and all went against the Russians, chiefly owing to numerical inferiority and (as some add) poor strategy.

And yet Japanese progress is very much slower than biased military experts have predicted. The Russians have obstructed the advance of the armies under Oku and Kuroki, and have gained valuable time. Their plans are still obscure, and the theory that they are trying to entice the islanders deeper and deeper into Manchuria, in order that they may then attack the enemy's communications and increase the difficulties of the advance, has not been abandoned. Kuropatkin's policy has been one of patience, delay and dogged resistance in every way consistent with the need of avoiding a pitched and great battle. The Russians at home are stolidly indifferent and apparently con-



MELTING

—London Punch.

vinced that in the end they will win through physical preponderance. Even the fall of Port Arthur, it is said in the Russian press, would settle nothing and change nothing.

At sea the Japanese have scored one success. The Togo fleet was attacked by the Port Arthur squadron, which left the harbor for an unknown purpose; but the Japanese torpedo boats sank one Russian battleship and damaged two others. What losses, if any, Admiral Togo sustained his reports failed to state. He has been accused of withholding all adverse information that he could possibly suppress.

The rainy season in Manchuria will soon compel a cessation of active hostilities until the fall months, and that will be more advantageous to unprepared Russia than to aggressive Japan. Kuropatkin is constantly receiving fresh reinforcements, and Russia is still talking about the Baltic fleet which is to recover for her the mastery of the sea. When that fleet will actually sail, no one seems to know. Should Port Arthur be captured or compelled to surrender, the Baltic fleet will have no mission in the Yellow Sea.

Russia's troubles are not all external. At home the political situation is apparently extremely serious. There is no enthusiasm for the war in educated circles and the business depression due to it has

caused idleness and intense disaffection. The reservists are gloomy and exasperated. In Poland and in Finland the feeling against the government is particularly strong and bitter. The assassination of the governor-general of Finland, Bobrikoff, by the son of a senator, is a significant symptom. Bobrikoff was a cruel and harsh ruler, and his "pacification" of the grand duchy suggested "the peace of Warsaw."

The policy of "Russification" in Finland has alienated the entire population. It is characteristic of the whole course of the St. Petersburg bureaucracy, which is as ignorant as it is reactionary. No wonder thousands of liberal Russians believe that defeat in the present war would be a blessing in disguise for Russia, as it would expose dry rot and necessitate reform, reorganization and innovation, precisely as the Crimean War forced a reform program upon the autocrat of that period. Even the censored newspapers openly discuss, while professing to deprecate, this "unpatriotic view." It is felt, however, that the government cannot "afford" to be defeated in this war with an Asiatic and yellow power, and no one in Russia expects an early peace.



Canada's New Transcontinental Line

A great politico-industrial project in which the people of the United States cannot but feel deeply interested is the new transcontinental railway line to be constructed in Canada. The bill authorizing this line and approving the contract between the government of the Dominion and the Grand Trunk, the provisions of which had been criticized as far too favorable to the private interests and adverse to the public, has passed the Canadian parliament, and the protracted contest over the measure is at an end, practically speaking, though politically the Conservatives will continue to make an issue of it in the campaign against the Liberals, who are now in power and hope to remain there.



The Tzar thinks of going to the front, but what's the use?
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The bill is a very complicated one. Briefly it provides for the construction of a line from ocean to ocean, from Moncton, New Brunswick, by way of North Bay or Gravenhurst and Winnipeg, to Butte Inlet or Port Simpson, a distance of over 3,000 miles. The total cost is estimated at about \$180,000,000. The government is to construct a portion of the road, from Winnipeg north, and then lease it to the Grand Trunk Pacific for a term of forty-five years. The western portion will be constructed and owned by the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The project has been Premier Laurier's pet scheme, and while business interests have not been assured of its success from a purely industrial point of view, the argument that the new line would render Canada absolutely independent of the United States and its transportation facilities has been attractive and popular, the sentiment of nationality being stronger than ever in the Dominion.

There has been no dispute regarding the need and economic profitableness of the western section, from Winnipeg to the Pacific Ocean, but the section extending eastward to the Atlantic, which is to be owned by the government, is regarded as more than doubtful. That whole region, barring some points to be touched by the line, is still a wilderness, and its development will depend on future immigration. The Conservatives, strangely enough, have proposed as an alternative government construction and ownership (if not also operation from the first) of the entire line. I they urge, government ownership is a good thing for the unprofitable section, surely it would be advisable to apply the same principle to the western end. There is the additional objection to the government's plan that it involves the guaranteeing by the state of the company's construction bonds, while there is no security other than the success of the enterprise itself, which is probable, perhaps, but hardly certain. This advocacy of government ownership of a transcontinental road by the Conserva-

tive party of Canada is a significant sign of the times, and has been largely commented upon. Politicians, it is said, have no fixed principles, and will advocate anything that is popular, especially when not in power. But this explanation assumes that government ownership is popular in Canada—which is even more remarkable than the fact it explains.



The Tariff Issue in the Dominion

Another and more lasting question (lasting in a political sense) now prominent in Canada is the need of upward tariff revision. The Liberals, originally revenue-tariff men, are now moderate protectionists and adherents of the policy of preference in favor of the mother country. The Conservatives are for high protection, and they boldly assert that the agricultural and manufacturing classes are with them in this respect. That the present parliament would have to deal with the tariff, has been evident for some years. Canadians are dissatisfied with the course of the United States toward them. Their rates are, on the average, about fifty per cent



BRANDED
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

lower than ours, and they take from us much more than we do from them. We give them a free market for \$1,000,000 worth of produce, whereas they give us a free market for \$10,000,000 worth of goods. Reciprocity has been refused by American treaty-makers, and the balance of trade is heavily against Canada.

In the recent budget speech of the minister of finance the tariff policy of the Laurier government was briefly outlined. There is to be no general revision of duties; Canada will not raise her tariff wall to the American level, but there is to be special legislation against temporary and incidental evils—especially the evil of "dumping," of which practice American trusts are supposed to be particularly guilty. "Dumping" is the sale at "slaughter" prices, that is, below cost or at a very small profit, of such surplus goods as cannot be disposed of in the home market at the normal prices. Mr. Chamberlain has bitterly complained of American dumping, and Premier Balfour has proposed, in a vague way, legislation preventive of it. Canada alleges that she has been similarly victimized. Of course, dumping is a benefit to the consumer, but the contention is that native industry and enterprise are injured by it so seriously that in the long run even the consumer suffers, indirectly at least.

To check dumping, the Laurier government proposes to put an additional tax on goods sold by foreigners in Canada at lower prices than the same goods command in the country of their origin, the surtax to be equal to the difference between the home and the export price. How this difference is to be ascertained, remains to be explained. The fact that concessions are very generally made to foreign customers has also been left out of account.

Another change announced by the Canadian ministry is the establishment of a maximum tariff to be applied to countries that are hostile to the Dominion. It is not known whether the mere maintenance of very high duties by a country not against Canadian exports alone, but against all

foreign goods, will be deemed a hostile policy. This is a question of no small importance to the United States in view of the trade situation above set forth.

The Canadian opposition's platform as regards the tariff may be found in the amendment moved by Mr. R. L. Borden, its leader, in replying to the budget speech of the minister of finance. It ran as follows:

"No readjustment of the tariff can be regarded as satisfactory which does not provide such protection to our labor, agricultural products, manufactures and industries as will secure the Canadian market for the Canadian people.

"That at the present session there should be a thorough readjustment of the tariff based on a declared stable policy of adequate protection."

This amendment was rejected by a majority of fifty-two, but the Conservatives believe that the people of the Dominion are in favor of more rigid protection and will vote for it at the next general election, which may be held this year.



THE LATE GEORGE
FREDERICK WATTS
Noted British Painter.



The Republican Ticket and Platform

No sensations or surprises occurred at or in connection with the national Republican convention, held in Chicago in the latter part of June. Long before the meeting of this body the composition of the ticket was a foregone conclusion. The opposition to the nomination of President Roosevelt, quite strong at one time, beneath the surface at any rate, had collapsed and disappeared soon after the death of Senator Hanna, the chief spokesman of those financial and business interests which regarded Mr. Roosevelt as an "unsafe man." And



THEODORE
ROOSEVELT
Republican nominee for
President of the
United States.



CHARLES W.
FAIRBANKS
Republican nominee for
Vice President of the
United States.



ALTON B. PARKER
Democratic nominee for
President of the
United States.



HENRY G. DAVIS
Democratic nominee for
Vice President of the
United States.

NATIONAL PARTY CANDIDATES

though in the Republican or independent-Republican press hostility to the president continues to be manifested, this sentiment found absolutely no expression in the convention.

Mr. Roosevelt had no rival to defeat. His was the only name presented for the first place on the ticket, and the vote making him the candidate of the Republican party was unanimous. The orators all dwelt upon the fact that the people—meaning the Republican voters—had selected the candidate for the convention, and that the function of the convention was merely to indorse and ratify the popular choice.

With regard to the vice presidential nomination, the issue was less certain when the convention met. Several names had been "mentioned," among them that of Congressman Robert A. Hitt of Illinois and that of Speaker Cannon. But from the outset "it looked like Fairbanks," and no other name than that of the senior Indiana senator was presented to the convention for the second place on the ticket. The senator was not, in a formal sense, a candidate for the position, but it was known that he would not decline the nomination. His selection is ascribed in party organs to these two considerations—that his known conservatism, prudence and tact would strengthen the ticket and reassure the

"higher" business interests, and that the vote of Indiana, doubtful this year if Democratic forecasters may be believed, would thereby be rendered secure.

Interest centered in the platform of the convention, especially in the party's pronouncements on such "delicate" questions as the tariff, trusts, labor and the Philippines. The document adopted by the convention has, as usual, been variously characterized. Some declare it to be a conservative expression of progressive principles and purposes. Others say that it is reactionary and defiant; and still others that it is timid, evasive and meaningless. It appears to be a compromise, for it does not displease any element of the Republican party, even if it does not entirely satisfy some.

Its salient features, and its important and significant omissions may be summarized thus:

The protective principle is strongly affirmed, but the door to revision of the present tariff law is left open. There is no definite promise of early revision, but there is, on the other hand, no pledge to the opposite effect. The tariff, says the platform, should be revised only when conditions change and the interests of the people demand revision. Whether the conditions *have changed*, the platform does

not say. The party will be free to overhaul the Dingley act, and equally free to decline to disturb it.

While the president's trust policy is approved in general terms, there is no specific anti-trust plank in the platform. There is no promise of further trust legislation, and none of rigid enforcement of existing laws on the subject.

Neither does the platform contain a specific "labor plank." A substitute for both the labor and trust paragraphs is the following general statement:

Combinations of capital and of labor are the results of the economic movement of the age, but neither must be permitted to infringe upon the rights and interests of the people. Such combinations when lawfully formed for lawful purposes are alike entitled to the protection of the laws, but both are subject to the laws and neither can be permitted to break them.

Reciprocity as a means of extending our foreign trade is indorsed only in so far as it is consistent with the maintenance of the protective principle, but it is not specifically limited to "noncompetitive products." In this the liberal element, the opponents of high and unnecessary and unduly restrictive duties, see a substantial concession.

The gold standard is reaffirmed, but the

question of further currency and banking reform is ignored.

There is no Philippine plank. The petition for a promise of independence at some future time, presented to the convention of the party by 7,000 distinguished Americans, is believed to have had a negative but important effect. The party is not committed to permanent retention of the islands; it is open to conviction, and it

is not heretical or disloyal for any Republican to advocate the granting of complete independence to the Filipinos. Indeed in his elaborate speech to the convention, Elihu Root, as temporary chairman, explicitly declared that the Philippines will be treated by the Republican party as Cuba has been, and that ultimately the former "possessions" will

enjoy that sort of autonomy and freedom that Cuba is enjoying under her constitution as qualified by the "Platt amendment." This utterance has given much satisfaction to the anti-imperialists, being viewed as an unwritten part of the new platform.

It is admitted by Democratic and independent critics that the platform as a whole affords little encouragement to the opposition. It is not radical enough to offend the conservatives, nor too conservative to be acceptable to the liberals. It is felt, however, that the paramount issue of the campaign will be, not the tariff, not trust regulation, not finance, but the personality and general political character of the Republican and Democratic candidates.



SILAS C. SWALLOW
Prohibition Nominee for
President of the
United States.



HARMONY

—Pittsburg Gazette.

The Exclusion of Anarchists

One of the effects of the assassination of the lamented President McKinley by an

anarchist is a provision of law excluding from the United States any alien who professes anarchistic views or who disbelieves in all organized government. This is now part of our immigration act, and no anarchist can henceforth gain admission into the country, while any such person who eludes the authorities and lands is liable to arrest and deportation.



STEPHEN J.
HERBEN

Elected editor of the
"Epworth Herald."

As the provision makes no distinction between revolutionary anarchists and theoretical, pacific and philosophical ones, it has been criticized by many conservative citizens

and newspapers (including *The Independent* and *The Outlook*) as a violation of the principle of free speech and full expression of opinion. In the case of John Turner, the English labor organizer and avowed "philosophical anarchist," the constitutionality of the clause providing for the exclusion or deportation of alien anarchists was disputed.

The supreme court of the United States recently decided this case in favor of the government. It held unanimously that the anti-anarchist law was not in conflict with any constitutional provision, and that congress had the power to keep out aliens for any reason whatsoever. It said on this fundamental question of power:

Whether rested on the accepted principle of international law that every sovereign nation has the power, as inherent in sovereignty and essential to self-preservation, to forbid the entrance of foreigners within its dominions or to admit them only in such cases and on such conditions as it may see fit to prescribe, or on the power to regulate commerce with foreign nations, which includes the entrance of ships, the importation of goods and the bringing of persons into the ports of the United States, the act before us is not open to constitutional objection.

But is it not inconsistent with the free-speech clause of the Bill of Rights to exclude a man on the ground of his political or social or religious belief? No, says the supreme court. To quote further from the opinion:

It is, of course, true that if an alien is not permitted to enter this country or, having entered contrary to law, is expelled, he is in fact cut off from worshiping or speaking or publishing or petitioning in the country, but that is merely because of his exclusion therefrom. He is not one of the people to whom these things are secured and cannot become such by an attempt forbidden by law. To appeal to the constitution is to concede that this is a land governed by that supreme law and, as under it the power to exclude has been determined to exist, those who are excluded cannot assert the rights in general obtaining in a land to which they do not belong as citizens or otherwise.

In other words, if there be an inconsistency, it is not a legal inconsistency. The constitution protects citizens and lawful inhabitants, not aliens, and it cannot successfully be invoked by the latter. If congress chooses to say that aliens shall be excluded for acts or opinions which are lawful *in this country* and with which the government may not interfere, it has the authority to do so, there being nothing in the constitution to limit its power to exclude aliens.

It has been said by critics of the act that even Count Tolstoy could not visit this country, since, though a non-resistant, he is a "Christian anarchist" and a theoretical enemy to all government, all organization based on physical force. But there are phases in the opinion of the supreme court which point to the possibility of a different interpretation of the law.



The Coal Trust and the Government

Important consequences are expected to follow the decision rendered some time ago by the federal supreme court in the case of Editor Hearst against the anthracite railway-and-coal combination. Its principal effect was to enhance very consid-

erably the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission as regards investigations of railroad rates, practices and arrangements for the obtainment of freight and business. In a sense, this decision is as severe a blow to monopolies and trusts within the jurisdiction of the federal government as any ever administered by the supreme court. A government suit to enjoin or dissolve the alleged coal trust is within the probabilities. It has long been demanded even by conservative Republican papers and politicians.

It is a matter of common notoriety that the so-called coal-carrying railroads own the anthracite mines, contrary to the spirit, if not the letter, of the constitution of Pennsylvania. This ownership enables them to fix the prices and freight rates on coal, and to dictate to the independent operators. After the outbreak of the trouble in the anthracite region in 1902, when the question whether the operators were not "systematic and unblushing lawbreakers" (in Mr. Olney's expression) was passionately discussed, the Interstate Commerce Commission, at the instance of Mr. William R. Hearst, entered upon an investigation of the methods of the coal-carrying railroad companies in regulating rates, injustice and arbitrary discrimination having been charged.

In the course of the investigation the presidents of these companies refused to answer certain significant questions relating, not to rates on coal, but to their contracts and relations with the mining companies. They considered these questions irrelevant to the rate controversy, since they had to do with the source of the supply of freight, with the sale of coal in Pennsylvania, and not with interstate commerce. This contention was upheld by the federal district court, but the supreme court has reversed the judgment of that tribunal, and the contracts will have to be produced.

The reasoning of the opinion, written by

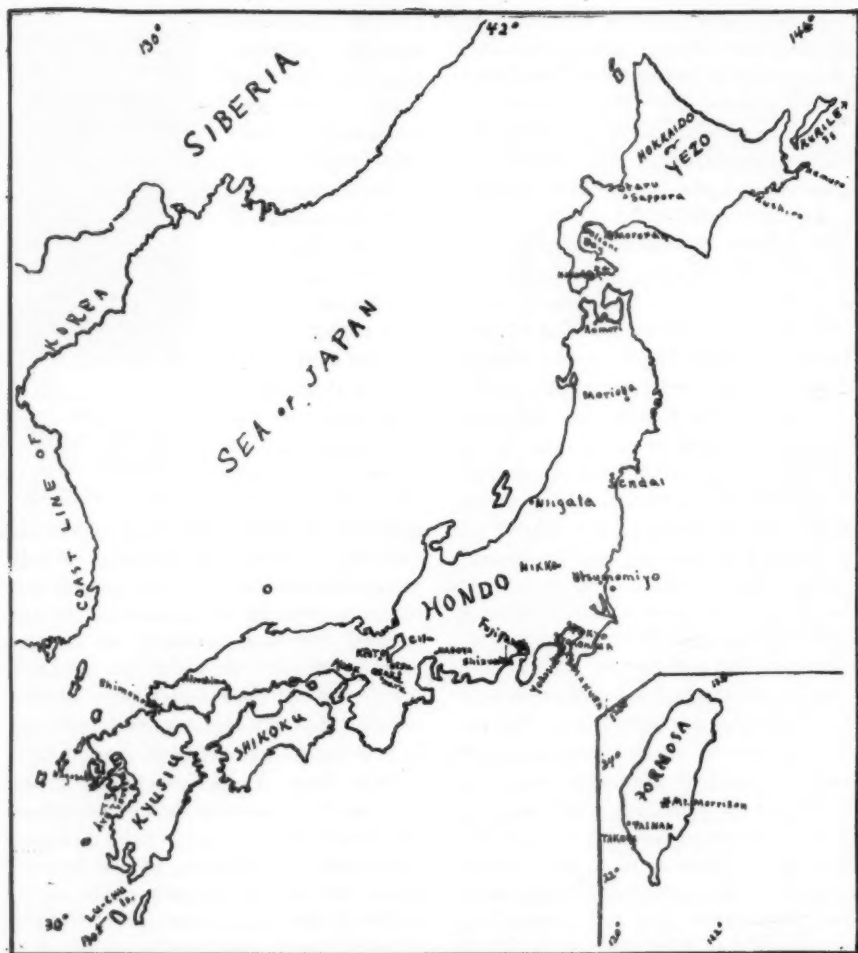
Justice Day, may be summarized as follows: The contracts in question are between independent operators and companies which are engaged at once in the purchase of coal and the transportation of the same through different states to the seaboard. These contracts were made by officials of the railroad companies who were also officials of the coal companies. They thus pertained to the manner of conducting a material part of the business of these interstate carriers, and had direct relation to the subject into which the commission was inquiring. However, while the contracts were in form purchases of coal, it was claimed that their real purpose was to fix a rate of transportation to the carriers. It was necessary to examine these contracts in order to ascertain whether or not the railroads were discriminating in rates against operators not having such contracts with them.

Aside from the possible effects of the decision, it is important to note the following dictum of the court: "The Interstate Commerce Commission in its inquiries should not be too narrowly restrained by technical rules of evidence, for its function is largely one of investigation, in which it should not be hampered by common law rules." Some years ago the tendency of the court was to restrict the field and impair the usefulness of the commission, but this decision, coupled with implications of other cases under the interstate commerce law, indicates a decided change of attitude.



SARAH S. PLATT
DECKER

President General
National Federation of
Woman's Clubs.



SKETCH MAP FOR "A READING JOURNEY THROUGH JAPAN"

Suggesting outline which readers may sketch for themselves from standard maps of the Japanese Empire, in more or less detail as they prefer, in order to fix geographical points in mind.

Reading Journey Through Japan

BY ANNA C. HARTSHORNE

Of Tokyo, Japan. Author of "Japan and Her People."

KYOTO: THE HEART OF OLD JAPAN



COUNTRY eighteen hundred miles long, and nowhere as much as two hundred miles across from sea to sea; made up of four large and nearly four thousand small and still smaller islands and islets; comprising altogether but 161,000 square miles, or an area a little greater than New York, Pennsylvania and the New England States taken together, hardly one-twelfth of which is level, and less than one-seventh is under cultivation; a country having for the most part the climate of Italy, yet ranging from 21° 48' north to 50° 56' north—from Kamtchatka to within three hundred miles of our tropical Philippines; a country that fifty years ago shut out all the world except one yearly shipload of traders, and today has a merchant marine of over 900,000 tons, carrying the sun-flag across the Pacific and into half the ports of Europe; a people that has passed in twenty-five years (between 1868 and 1893) from medieval feudalism to a constitution and a representative government;—such is this wonderful Japan, which with a population of 47,000,000 has dared to stand against Russia's 400,000,000.

Yezo, northernmost of the large islands, lies a little above the latitude of Chicago, and Kyushiu would come almost down to New Orleans; but thanks to the Black Current, the Gulf Stream of Asia, there is less difference in climate, though the north, as they call Yezo, is snow covered during several months. The main island, Hondo, lying next below, extends nearly north and south for half its length, then turns suddenly, and stretches nearly east and west; and the other two islands, Kyushiu and Shikoku, follow almost the same trend as this lower part, and the Luchiu Islands carry it on down almost to Formosa, which is close to the Chinese coast. A great backbone of

mountains runs through, as the Apennines run through Italy, leaving only a narrow region on the west turned to the bleak winds that blow across the Sea of Japan from Korea and Siberia; while on the southeast they cut off these same winds and leave all the coast open to the warm air from the current. On the Pacific side of Japan proper, the thermometer seldom goes much below freezing in winter, or above 90° in summer, though the constant dampness makes both seasons very trying to many. Another result is that nearly the same fruits and vegetables can be raised, the same life carried on in paper houses, from Sendai a hundred miles north of Tokyo to the Luchiu Islands. Farther north some changes must be made, sashes glazed and even chimneys built, and south again there are other changes to meet the needs of the tropics; but then it must be remembered that neither north nor south has played much part or even belonged to Japan till very recent times. Most of the colonizing of Yezo has taken place since 1870; and Formosa became Japanese after the Chinese war ten years ago.

Tradition and ethnology both place the beginning of the race in Kyushiu and about the Inland Sea. Here successive migrating tribes must have met and fought and mingled; a branch or branches from Northern Asia, not Chinese but akin to that people, and another from the south by way of the islands, of the same stock as the modern Malay, these struggling and mingling again with the still older Ainu, who once occupied all the land, and survive, a pitiful remnant, in Yezo and the Kuriles.

Naturally the trans-Pacific liners go directly to Yokohama, which lies in Tokyo Bay only eighteen miles from the capital; and naturally, too, most tourists get off there and begin at Tokyo—which is like commen-



HARBOR AND HEART OF THE CITY OF KOBE

Formerly the most important port of the empire.

cing the study of Italy with Milan. Since for us time is no object, let us stay by the ship, and land at the second port, Kobe; for it lies at the head of the Inland Sea, and directly opposite the island of Awaji, where the creator god and goddess stood when of the mud-drops on their spears they made the islands of sacred Yamato.

The view as you approach Kobe is characteristic; the shore is low and flat and very green, with mountainous hills behind; the town spreads out along the harbor and straggles up the slope, high, ugly warehouses and "foreign built" dwellings mingled with the low, gray Japanese houses; to the left, across the dry bed of the river, is Hyogo, all Japanese, the old town that was here before the site of Kobe was handed over to the powers as an open port and concession in 1868. It is a smaller place than Yokohama, and has rather a sleepy air, in spite of the fact that all the ocean liners and a whole fleet of coasting craft call there. A government dockyard for vessels of two thousand tons, and two private ship-building companies provide a very important

industry. The town is supplied with good water from a reservoir in a picturesque ravine, which leads you on still higher to a little tea-house facing the pretty Nunobiki waterfall, the one show place on the Kobe side. Out Hyogo way, there are some beautiful spots with exquisite Japanese inns set down upon them—places you will not be likely to find without a Japanese friend in charge.

The Tokyo railroad comes down to Kobe, and the Sanyo line goes on south along the coast. The ordinary time of express trains between here and the capital is fifteen hours, and there are sleeping cars on the European pattern, and good dining cars,—except in war-time.

An hour from Kobe on the same bay lies Osaka, sometimes called the Manchester of Japan because of its many factories. Osaka has always been a commercial, matter-of-fact place, and it has taken most kindly to the modern practical spirit. Cotton spinning is one of its great industries, and the largest mills in the country are there. The first mint was started there in 1871, or three



NANKO TEMPLE GROUNDS AT KOBE

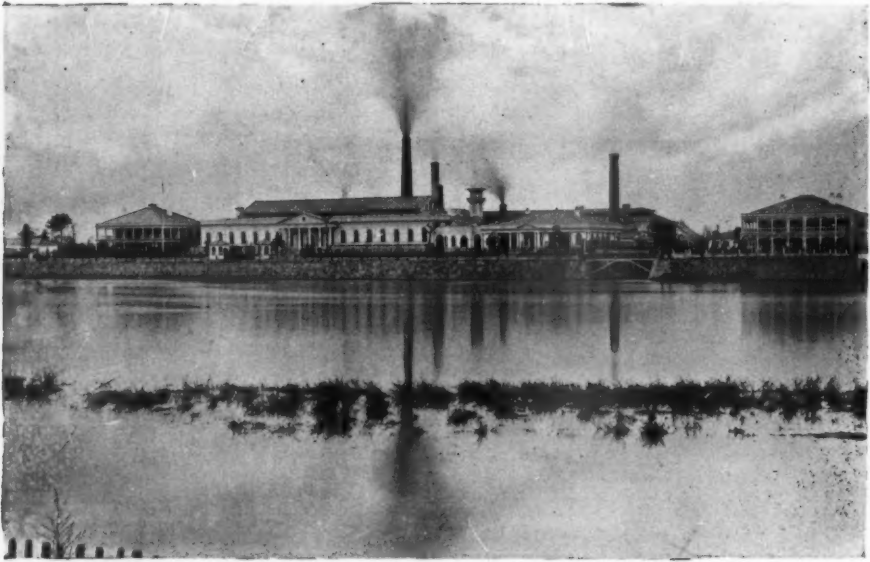
Temple grounds contain numerous amusement concessions, theaters, refreshments, story telling, athletics, etc., besides shrines and temples.

years after the place was opened as a "concession" for foreign residence. Started by Englishmen, since 1889 it has been entirely under Japanese management. Rugs and a special kind of matting come from Sakai, a little farther down the coast. In banking, Osaka stands next to Tokyo, as well it may, since it was the chief commercial city of the middle ages, and under the Tokugawa shoguns enjoyed many special privileges. The exposition held in 1903 was suitably placed here, in spite of a rather doubtful situation for summer, among the rice fields and the windings of the river with its network of canals throughout all the city.

One of the Japanese cruisers bears the old name of Osaka, Naniwa, "wave blossom." It was here that the first emperor, Jimmu Tenno, is said to have landed with his followers, at the mythical date of 660 B. C., and here, quite certainly, the first Buddhist temple was built by Korean missionaries in 522 A. D. The temple was burned in the reaction that followed before Buddhism was

finally established; but there is a large and very famous temple on the site of one built by the prince-priest Shotoku Daishi, the real founder of Japanese Buddhism. In one of the buildings they have a peculiar ceremony for the dead. A friend writes the name of the departed on a slip of paper, and throws it into a stream of water that runs through the temple; the water carries the missive straight to Saint Shotoku, who, they believe, accepts it as a sort of letter of introduction, and shows kindness to the new and lonely soul.

The importance of Osaka began in the sixteenth century, when the great warrior Hideyoshi built the castle; nothing is left of it now but the immense foundation stones, for the Tokugawa burned it when they fled by sea to Yedo after the battle of Fushimi in 1867. Last year it was the scene of an important international exhibition in which American machinery played a part and which was the best of places to study the artistic excellence of old Japanese art, and



FACTORIES AT OSAKA

the scope and variety of industry—artistic and otherwise—at the present day.

Though Osaka is not on the sea, there is water enough for vessels of fair size, and they go on by river and canal not only to Kyoto but beyond into Lake Biwa, to distribute rice and other wares and gather cotton from the shores of the lake. Much cotton also comes by rail; and some of the best tea in the country is grown between here and Nara, which was the capital even before Kyoto and is still a place of pilgrimage on account of its famous temples and beautiful groves. Osaka, Nara and Kyoto form a kind of triangle, connected by the railroads, and it is possible to take either of the first two as an excursion from Kyoto.

This whole region is full of legends more or less authentic; of the Empress Jingo, who invaded Korea and won tribute on behalf of her unborn son, the Emperor Ojin; of Prince Yamato-take, conqueror of the fierce Emishi or Ainu, into whose short thread of life the gods spun glory and sorrow; and of Prince Shotoku, and the marvelous missionary and painter of sacred pictures, Kobo Daishi.

He is a romantic figure, this young prince

Yamato-take. He belongs to the early centuries, when the tribes were settling into a people; the period of mythical heroes and deeds outside the power of mortal men. The prince was sixteen when he began his career by going out with a party of knights against some rebel tribes, and getting into the chief's tent disguised as a girl, delighting the rude lord with his dancing, and then, when his own men were within call, suddenly drawing a sword and slaying the warrior. After this his father sent him against the Emishi (or Ainu) to the north, sending also a certain brave lord as counselor; but the young prince seems to have formed his own plans and carried them out too, with the help of divine powers to whom he appealed at need. On his way north he stopped at the sacred shrines of Ise, where his aunt was high-priestess, and she gave him the sword of his ancestor, Jimmu Tenno, the first emperor, the grandson of the sun-goddess; and it not only served him as a sword, but once, when the Emishi had kindled fire in the grass, he cried to his divine ancestor, and cut the grass around him with the wonderful sword, and the flames turned back against the enemy.



A WRITING LESSON

With him went his wife, the Princess Tachibane. And when they came to the mouth of what is now Tokyo Bay, the prince looked over to the near shore, and said that it was no great task to cross so small a water, whereat the sea-god was angry, and sent a storm against their ships, so that they were about to be lost. Then the princess stood on the bow of the ship and combed out her long hair, and sprang into the waves; and the storm went down and they reached the shore in safety. In the morning her comb was washed ashore, and the prince built her a little shrine, and went on, frightening the savages by a mirror that he set up on his mast, so that they fled and dared not oppose him. So the prince and his followers came up across the plain beyond Tokyo Bay, and into the mountains, where evil spirits led them astray and sent sickness upon them. And the prince thought to reach Ise and be healed in the sacred place; but his sickness grew upon him, and he could only send back the sword to the temple, before he lay down to die under a great pine tree by the roadside. And the emperor grieved much for his son,—though he had seventy-nine

more!—and made a journey through all the land that he had conquered, even to the mountains, and the place where the prince turned for a last look at the sea, crying, "Alas, my wife!" "*Azuma, azuma wa ya!*"

As for Saint Kobo, he ought at least to have been the patron saint of writers, but that honor belongs to a far more real hero, Michizane, prime minister of a ninth-century emperor, who was exiled on a false charge, and died always faithful to his ungrateful master. To him boys offer the brushes they have worn out in the effort to learn the intricate curves of Japanese script. When one realizes that at least ten thousand characters must be known in order to read an every-day book or newspaper; and that these characters must be memorized bodily; also that after the "square character" has been learned—the form in which books are printed—it is needful to learn "grass hand," in which each character is made without lifting the brush;—when one considers all this, one can understand the kind of task a Japanese boy has before him between the ages of five and fifteen years.

Some effort is being made to use the syllabary, or Kana, but it seems to have about as much chance of success as phonetic spelling has with us, and no more. The English alphabet, Romaji, as it is called, is now taught in all schools, also the Arabic



YASAKA PAGODA, KYOTO

numerals; and among educated people English scientific terms are in common use even in Japanese conversation. Our letters nearly express the Japanese sounds, but not quite; the sound of *r*, for instance, is in Japanese a sort of slurred sound, neither *l* nor quite *r* as we make it, and the sound we render by *shi* is somewhere between *see* and *she*. On the other hand, Kana lacks several sounds necessary for expressing our words; there is no *th* and no *v*; *tu* becomes *tsu*, and *ti tchi*. A friend of mine, on going to a country district, was horrified to discover that her letters were being remailed to her as "Miss Satan!"—the nearest phonetic rendering of her name.

The rule for putting Japanese words into

Romaji is easy enough; the vowels are as pronounced as they are in European languages—*a* is *ah*, *e* is *a* in *fate*, *i* is *ee*, and *u* always *oo*;—and the consonants, such as exist, are as in English, *ch* as in *church*, and so on.* There are no diphthongs and no silent letters; Kobe has two syllables, and Hakodate four.

As for the Japanese language, it is perhaps the easiest in the world to pick up a little of, and certainly the very hardest to gain any real mastery of. The grammar is simple to a fault, the idioms complicated and innumerable. Pronouns exist, but are little used; instead, you employ a different verb for yourself from that which you use for another person, and add before his possessions the honorific *O*. Fortunately—or unfortunately, I am not sure which—the people a foreigner comes in contact with soon acquire a knowledge of "Yokohama Japanese," which is about the equivalent of "pidgin English." It is not a beautiful tongue, but many of us cannot keep house without it.

In Japan, as in all other countries, the beginnings of history are very mythical. Writing was introduced by the Buddhist missionaries who came from China by Korea from the fourth to the sixth century, and in the eighth century a kind of official history was produced, the "Kojiki." This gives an account of the creation and the deeds of the gods; of Amaterasu, the sun-goddess, and her rude brother, Susa-no-o, who so teased and frightened her that she hid in a cave and left the world in darkness, till a merry young goddess danced and set all the gods to laughing, so that Amaterasu came out to see; and of her grandson Jimmu Tenno, to whom she gave a sword, a mirror and a jewel, and sent him over the sea to conquer Yamato. These three, the sword, the mirror and the jewel, are the imperial insignia, but a very early emperor, fearing some accident to the sacred objects, had fac-similes made to be kept in the palace, and sent the originals to the shrine

*Other authorities add: *ai* as in *aisle*, *ei* as in *weigh*, *au* as *o*, *g* has only the hard sound as in *give*, *s* is always soft as in *silk*. There is practically no accent.

of the sun-goddess at Ise; the sword was afterward removed to another temple at Atsuta near Nagoya. The sacred mirror is never opened, nor its silken covers removed; at certain fixed times a new cover is put on over the old ones. There must be many layers in these two thousand years that it is known to have lain there.

As I have said, Nara was the capital before Kyoto; the court was here during most of the eighth century,—a time of rapid development, when Chinese learning and Chinese customs and ceremonies were introduced and adopted. Before this, on the death of an emperor the court moved to another place, no doubt to avert ill luck; and the change to a settled abiding place marks a distinct advance in civilization. A collection of dresses, utensils and other objects belonging to this time is exhibited near the temple of the Daibutsu (bronze statue of Buddha) not far from the station. Much of it is Korean, or Chinese, much too the beginning of native art under the foreign influence. The Daibutsu itself is partly of that period, and partly a later restoration; taken altogether, it is not only smaller but much less impressive than the great Daibutsu of Kamakura, which belongs to the twelfth century.

Nara is well worth a visit. The town itself is small, hardly more than a village, but on the edge of it lies a great park-like grove of magnificent trees, the tall thick cryptomerias which are so nearly related to our California redwoods. The temple to which this sacred grove belongs is old and picturesque but not otherwise very remarkable; the charm of the place is the great forest, and the endless rows of stone lanterns lining the paths that run through it, and above all the herd of tame deer that live in the shelter of the wood. They come running at the sound of wheels, gathering in shy groups and stretching out their soft muzzles for the cakes no one fails to bring them. They and their sires have been here for generations, and must almost have lost the instinct of fear.

Turning away from Osaka Bay, the train

crosses a rich plain, every foot of it under fullest cultivation, and well watered from the winding river. To right, left, and in front are hills growing higher in the distance, and railroad and canal cross a gap in them to reach Kyoto.

The situation of the city is very beautiful. For miles about the country is level, exquis-



DEER IN CEDAR TREES

itely green, dotted here and there with little brown-thatched villages; then, suddenly, comes the circle of hills, highest and nearest to the northeast, where Mt. Hieizan rises to 2,700 feet above sea-level. From the north comes the small but swift Kamogawa, or Wild Duck River, cutting the city into two very unequal parts and going on to join the Katsuragawa a mile lower down. On the east side of the town the hills begin to rise quickly, and here are many of the greatest temples,—Chion-in, with its famous bell, the largest in Japan, measuring nine feet across; Nishi Otani, where is buried an early saint and founder of a sect, Shinran—

that is to say, the larger part of his body is here; and Kiyomizu-dera, picturesquely perched over a ravine, and most popular with a large class of the people. These are on the edge of the town now, for Kyoto has shrunk much since the time of its glory in the early middle ages.

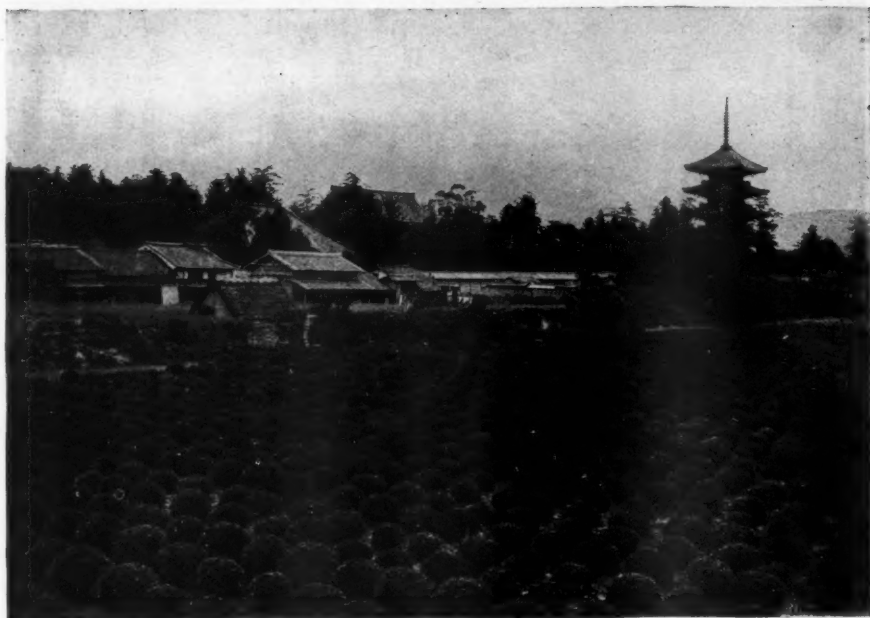
How can one describe a Japanese city? The house itself is already known to most people by the specimens at expositions, and the tea gardens in many of our large towns and resorts; the wide, overhanging roof of tiles or thatch, the polished wood balconies, the sliding paper screens, and soft white mats covering all the rooms. Imagine then the effect of a whole city made up of such houses, few of them more than one story high, unpainted, darkened by sun and wind to a uniform gray—and then think how a Japanese painter represents some village on a hillside. He has drawn a few lines of flat gable, and the straight marks of shadow under the projecting eaves, and then swept a pale wash of India ink over the whole; and that is all. With his unerring instinct, he has picked out just what is characteristic, and recorded that; and the result is far more like the real thing than any photograph. That is, as one looks down on it from a height, say from Yaami's hotel, on the hill near Chion-in temple, the black-tiled roofs lie outspread, flat as if they had been ironed, broken here and there by trees or the sharp springing curve of a temple rising from the monotonous expanse and dominating it as St. Paul's dominates London. A mile away the gray fades into lavender, and melts into the green plain sweeping off to the hills.

It is the same with the streets. Everywhere there is the same effect of gray and green, the same absence of height and mass—and the same charm of picturesque line and irregular grouping, and the elusive play of shadows under the wide eaves. Then there are the shop signs, great Chinese characters painted in mysterious flowing strokes of the brush; the shop's whole front open, and the wares in full view, fruits and vegetables, crockery, house-

hold goods or colored stuffs, blue and white always predominating, for it is only the babies that wear gorgeous red and yellow and blue and pea green and imperial purple. For linings and underdresses the young girls may indulge in a very riot of primary colors, but only a peep of it shows at neck and sleeves. On the other hand, the dress for fetes and flower viewings is light and exquisitely dainty, pale fawn and grays and lavenders for the older women, turquoise and Nile green and warm heliotrope for young ones, with the richest *obis*—sashes—they can afford.

Kyoto is remarkable among ancient cities for its ground-plan. The streets run north and south, and east and west, perfectly straight and absolutely at right angles; if we had no other record, this alone would betray the truth that it did not grow, like Topsy, but was made to order. Before the court moved over from Nara at the end of the eighth century, the city was laid out with great care and on what must have been for that time a magnificent scale. A space three miles wide and a little more than three miles long was enclosed by a wall, and outside this by a ditch or small moat, supplied with water from the Kamogawa. At the end of each street there was a bridge as well as a fortified gate. A great space at the north end of the enclosure was reserved for the palace and the dwellings of the nobles; a wide street (Teramachi) ran south from the palace gate, crossed by streets smaller but still quite wide, and numbered regularly, First street, Second street, Third street,—Ichi-jo, Ni-jo, San-jo. Then the palace grounds were again surrounded by a wall, and dwellings made ready, and there the imperial family remained until the capital was removed to Tokyo in 1868, save indeed for temporary absences during the wars of the middle ages.

Following the Chinese custom of giving names to periods, the Emperor Kwammu who made the move from Nara called his era Heian, "Peace," and the city Heian-jo the "City of Peace;" but it was almost always known as Miyako or Kyoto "cap-



TEA GARDEN AND PAGODA OF TOJI, KYOTO

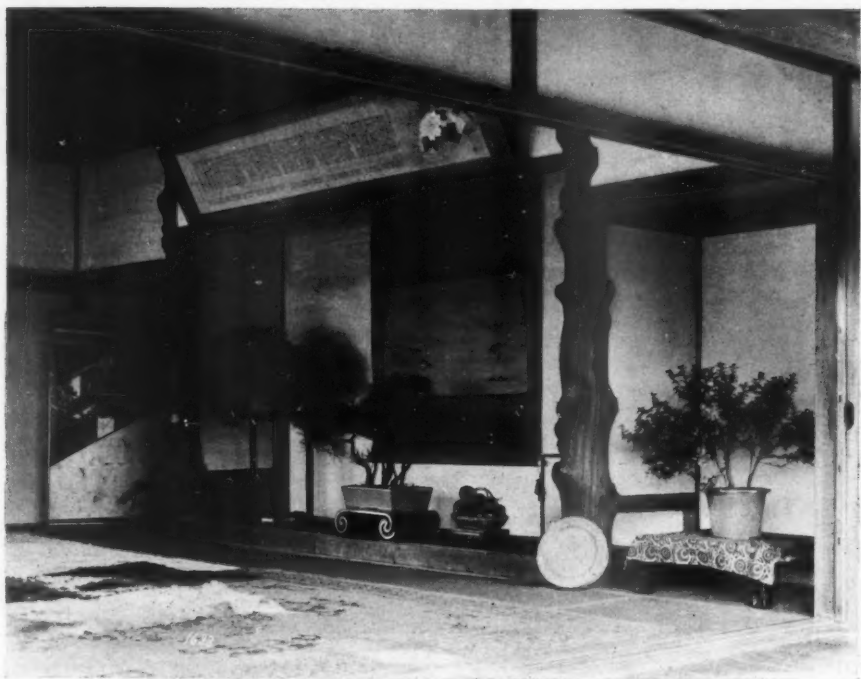
ital," the first being Japanese and the second Chinese for the same thing.

Naturally nothing actually remains of these early times; the buildings were all of wood, and were again and again burned either by accident or in war-time. But, however often they were destroyed, there is reason to believe that the original style was faithfully recopied each time, precisely as is done in rebuilding the Shinto temples; it was a type too sacred to be lightly modified, for it was the dwelling of the descendant of the gods, and their representative on earth. Even in modern Japan, whatever pertains to the emperor has a religious sacredness that must be seen to be appreciated, and this is a strong element in the nation's attitude at a time when Japan is fighting for her existence.

Access to the palace can be had only by special permit, but this is easily obtained through the visitor's legation in Tokyo; it takes two or three days, however, as the application has to be made by the legation through the foreign office. Nothing could

be more characteristically unpretending than the approach;—you ride for an interminable distance alongside a low plastered wall crowned by a little roof of tiles, and reach at last a roofed gate which admits you to the grounds and the little office building where you present your visiting cards with your permit, and are taken in charge by an officer of the imperial household.

The first surprise to a foreigner, if he has not grown used to Japanese gardens, will be the absence of grass; the open, level spaces are covered with fine pebbles, and very likely some old women are bending over them taking off weeds or sweeping the stones with a broom. And the second and greater astonishment must be the rigid simplicity of the buildings; no Quaker meeting-house could be more plain, even bare; but no meeting-house in all the world had ever the grace of line, the beauty—I had almost said the music—of proportions, unless it were Athene's temple on the Acropolis. You realize half unconsciously that the roof



GUEST ROOM OF PRIVATE HOUSE

is the integral feature, that the walls are hardly walls at all, but rather open supports,—pillars with light screens between. And they are roofs not of tile or thatch, but of bark, woven two feet thick, close as felt—you see it where the section is cut through under the eaves—and soft to the eye as gray velvet. Their lines are the living curves of a tent looped up a little at the corners, and the wide over-hang shades the polished verandas underneath. The rooms are wide and lofty,—no building is more than one story high,—open to the veranda on one or more sides, and closed from the other rooms or passages by sliding paper screens, just like any ordinary Japanese house. Only ordinary screens are not painted with such charming pictures of birds and flowers and landscapes, or groups of Chinese sages, all in delicate pale colors to accord with the polished, unpainted wood and the exquisite white mats which, as in all properly Japanese houses, cover all the floor and by their thick softness take the

place of any other furniture. Of course when the rooms were occupied there were flat cushions, *zabuton*, to sit on, as in all Japanese houses, and equally of course these and all other movables were of beautiful color, texture and design as anyone may see at the imperial museum in Tokyo, where specimens are kept from many periods. Then, too, these low-toned rooms were the background, the blank paper as it were, for moving tableaux of nobles and court ladies robed in the marvelous dresses which may also be studied in the museum at Ueno, and which must have brought in color enough and to spare. The throne is still in place in the "Clear and Pure Hall" which was used on the rare occasions when the emperor gave an audience. It is a chair of Chinese shape, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, standing on a platform canopied and curtained with white brocade. Another large hall is walled with screens painted in vivid cobalt, the symbolic color of heaven. The palace is not one, but a group of buildings

most of them connected by galleries placed with the usual carefully planned irregularity among trees and gardens. There were also palaces for the empress dowager, the crown prince, and other imperial personages, but these no longer exist. Even the imperial palace has been rebuilt since 1854, when it was burned, and the screens are not originals but copies of copies preserved in the storehouse. The garden near the emperor's special private residence is particularly charming; it is made to look like a bit of wild mountainside, rocks and curiously twisted trees and all, not dwarfed, but growing picturesquely, as trees do which have fought with winds and storm and overcome them.

It is a jump of centuries in feeling, though actually not many years, to the buildings of the Doshisha College, a little to the north of the palace. Beautiful or picturesque they are not, but comfortable and preëminently useful. This is not the place to enter into the history of its founding by the wise and gentle Joseph Neeshima, with the financial

aid of the American Board Mission, nor of the noble corps of men of both nationalities who made its success in the early years, still less of the grievous period of misunderstandings and virtual (though very probably unintended) betrayal of trust. Enough that the institution is now reëstablished on a definite and sure basis, and that its hospital and its collegiate schools for men and for girls are doing excellent work. Buddhism and a strongly conservative spirit have both contributed to make mission work slower in Kyoto than farther north; but it is not unlikely that the advance has been none the less sure. At any rate, most of the religious bodies are now well represented, educationally and otherwise, in the ancient capital.

However corrupt modern Buddhism may be—and it is notoriously so—it loses hold very slowly, at least with the mass of the people. It is impossible to be in Kyoto and not make unconscious comparison with the Church of Rome in Italy. Priests and temples are in evidence here as the church



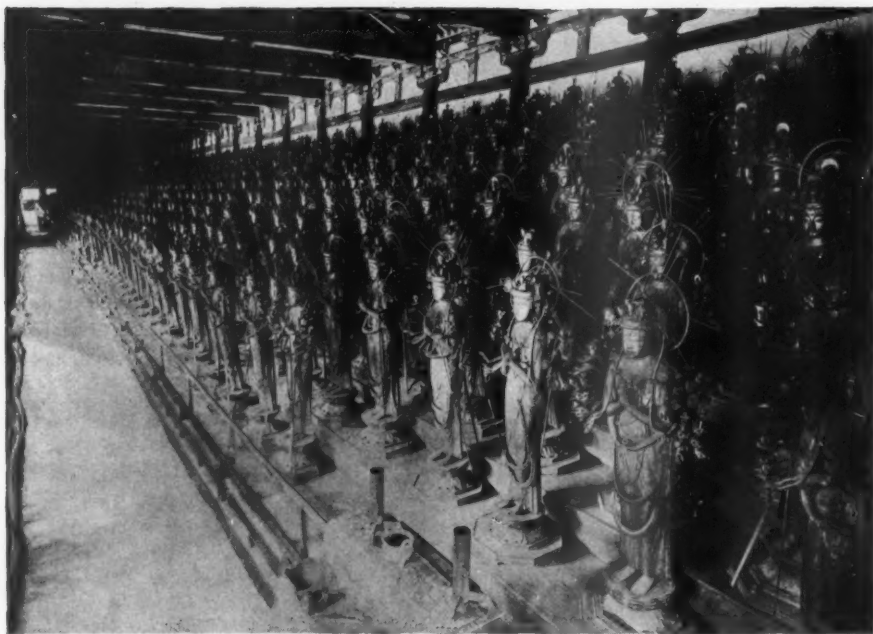
BUDDHIST PRIESTS

The shaven head distinguishes them from priests of Shinto.

is in Rome, and one sees much the same class of worshipers—women, children and old people. Educated men disregard ritual and priesthood, while they often claim that the precepts and philosophy of Buddhism are worthy of the profoundest study. The philosophic side of Shinto also appeals to many who reject as superstition the charms and incantations which abound in the native religion.

A word here about these two, for they

fourth century Buddhism appeared with all its divinities and hierarchies complete, and therewith a written literature and the arts. Straightway it proceeded to annex Shinto, by declaring the older deities to be angels or Buddhas, *i. e.*, manifestations of divinity. The native religion held its own, however, and though greatly modified, existed for centuries side by side with Buddhism. It has always been the religion of the emperor and the imperial family, who have always



IDOLS IN SANJUSANGENDO TEMPLE AT KYOTO

are sufficiently puzzling at first sight. Shinto, "the Way of the Gods," was the original religion of Japan; and it must have been a very simple, primitive form of worship of the powers of nature and of departed heroes. Naturally the sun-goddess stood first, and with her the first emperor, Jimmu Tenno, her grandson, with the moon, wind, earth, and a host of local deities such as the fire-goddess who lived in Mount Fuji, and the spirits of rocks and trees and waters. There were spells and liturgies, but as yet no definite creed nor distinct personification of the vague powers, the Kami, when in the

furnished a priestess for the great national shrine at Ise; and with the restoration of power to the throne, and the spread of national spirit, Shinto had a distinct revival.

In appearance the temples of the two are easily distinguished. Pure Shinto shrines should be thatched and unpainted; within, they contain no objects of worship, only a mirror, which represents the mirror of the sun-goddess, and is also a symbol of reflection and self-examination; and the *gohei*, pieces of paper cut in a peculiar way and fastened on a stick, which represent the offerings of cloth made at the temples.



KIYOMIDSU TEMPLE, YOTO
One of the most important temples of the Hongwanji sect.

Temples of the Ryobu or modified Shinto are painted red and have tiled roofs, but these too are sharply marked off from all Buddhist establishments by the gateway or *torii*, which is a purely Shinto type—a beam supported on two uprights, exactly in the shape of the Greek letter π . At the famous fox temple at Fushimi near Kyoto (by the way, fox worship is one of the most popular forms of Shinto) there are two rows of these *torii*, hundreds on either side, making a kind of double gallery leading up to the temple. They are painted dull red, and have a most curious appearance.

On the other hand, the Buddhist temples are tiled, and the roofs have the characteristic Chinese curve; much red is used in painting the woodwork, and the gates are large, often two-storied, and heavily roofed with tiles.

One of the largest and finest Buddhist temples in Kyoto is less than twenty years old; this is the Higashi or Eastern Hongwanji, Monastery of the True Vow, which

belongs to a late and popular sect. The temple was built by offerings from the people all over the country; villages where there was not much money gave timbers, or hours of labor in cutting and hauling; and women who had nothing cut off their hair and gave that to be made into ropes. There are immense cables of it hanging in the temple, not a little of it tiny strands of white or gray. The unpainted keyaki wood pillars are a beautiful golden brown, that tones most harmoniously with the gorgeously embroidered hangings, the gold lacquer and brass vases and lotus plants and incense burners at the altar. The Western (Nishi) Hongwanji contains some very beautiful carvings in the *ramma*, or spaces above the sliding screens, and some valuable images of Amida.

Little or nothing remains of the monastery on Mt. Hieizan, which was founded at the same time as the city, and for centuries was the most powerful of all the Buddhist establishments. It needed Xavier's friend, the

great Nobunaga, to break at last the power of the monks, and he did it with sword and fire very thoroughly.

But a list of the temples and of their special features would be too long to give; the tourist who would see even the principal ones must give a full week to temples alone. Their most priceless treasures are not in architecture or carving or even images, but the paintings of artists of the "Kano school," who flourished for the most part between the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries. Some are on hanging scrolls, *kakemono*, and others even more beautiful—because larger and freer—on the sliding screens of the state apartments in the monastery. Wonderful paintings they are, full of the delicate charm that belongs to all good Japanese art, and marvelous too in the firmness of the brush stroke, the vigor and directness of expression. The subjects are birds and animals disporting themselves in their native landscapes—native, that is, as the artist conceives it, as deer among maple trees and a tiger in a bamboo grove; or again gorgeous gold backgrounds, or conventional lions, phenixes and dragons, and magnificent peonies, or historical scenes and court ceremonies painted in the Chinese style.

Later, more resplendent and perhaps a little less perfect in taste, is the Nijo palace, which was built by the Shogun Tokugawa Ieyasu, and remained with his descendants till the end of the shogunate in 1868. Permissions are granted for this and the imperial palace together, and it is most interesting to pass from one to the other and take in to the full the extraordinary contrast. The one is all delicate reserve, the other all splendor and lavishness. The emperor's palace is surrounded by a low wall of plastered earth; the shogun's by a moat and walls built of immense blocks of stone, entered by a heavy roofed gateway, and doors magnificently carved and colored. The heavy roofs are of tiles, and the rooms are separated from each other by beautiful screens, again the work of members of the

Kano family, and in the space above these, life-sized colored carvings of birds and flowers by the master carver Jingoro. The wood is of the finest, and so are the metal ornaments on the ends of the beams, and the handles let into the sliding screens. Two great audience halls have the ceilings coffered and painted, and the woodwork covered with brilliant black lacquer fastened with gold ornaments; the larger of these halls has a raised platform on which the shogun sat to receive the homage of the *daimyo*.

In this palace was held one of the most important assemblies of modern times, namely, the first meeting of the present emperor with his councilors. It was in 1868, shortly after his accession, and almost immediately after the resignation of the shogun had restored the real power. It was not only the Emperor Mutsuhito's first meeting, but the first of such a character ever held by any emperor of Japan. The young emperor—he was just sixteen—came out from the seclusion of generations and met with his lords, promising them a constitution and a representative government. It is no reproach but rather an honor that this constitution was not promulgated till 1885, after Marquis Ito and his fellow statesmen had had time to study the constitutions of other nations and fit their ideas to the needs of Japan; and when the people were in a measure ready. The first parliament met in 1893; but of that more when we reach Tokyo.

I believe the guides usually allow the globe-trotter nine days for Kyoto; perhaps that is a fair share of the month he generally gives to Japan, but it is not enough to see even briefly all the places of interest in the city. One of the most entertaining is Gion machi, near the popular Gion temple and not far from the Kyoto hotel; it is a narrow street crowded with shops and shows and "fakes" of all kinds. For amusements, the dances of Kyoto are especially famous; and the different religious festivals throughout the year are kept with great display in this city of temples. At such times gor-



ARASHIYAMA, KYOTO

geous shrines holding images or sacred objects are carried through the streets on the shoulders of men, surrounded by a picturesque but by no means imposing mob of children and idlers. In summer the wide shingle bed of the Kamogawa—usually given up to the bleaching of cotton cloth—is full of tea-booths where the inhabitants resort of an evening to drink tea and smoke and enjoy the cool breeze from the river. And in cherry or maple season all the world goes out five miles across the country to Arashiyama to see the trees on the steep hill over the Katsura River. A favorite expedition of tourists is to go in *kuruma*—jinrikisha—to a point nine miles up the river, and come down the rapids in a curious long narrow boat. Then there is a good museum, and two fine specimens of Japanese gardens at the old monasteries Ginkakuji and Kinkikuji. But for the woman tourist—and for her husband and brother, though they refuse to admit it—the chief joy of Kyoto will surely be the shops.

Nor is this any disgrace—to Kyoto or the tourist. It is not a case of "Rome, the place where I got those silk stockings;"

even if you do not buy, the mere handling of beautiful things is delightful and edifying. And there is a most catholic range of objects to indulge in; embroideries, old prints, kakemono, pottery, carvings, swords and bronzes and all manner of metal work, brocades and cut velvet pictures and lacquer and photographs. And it is no small part of the interest to go to the places where they make or sell their wares. The best are not to be found in great shops, but in tiny houses with dainty gardens behind, gardens a few feet across, containing perhaps a single small pine or maple, or a dwarf plum tree, and some curious rocks around a gold-fish basin. The workmen in such a place are but three or four, and the output for a year very small, but that little is hardly unworthy to lay beside some of the genuinely old pieces the curio dealers produce from their boxes and soft wrappings. The time has passed when one could buy good old things for a song—may war not bring it back again!

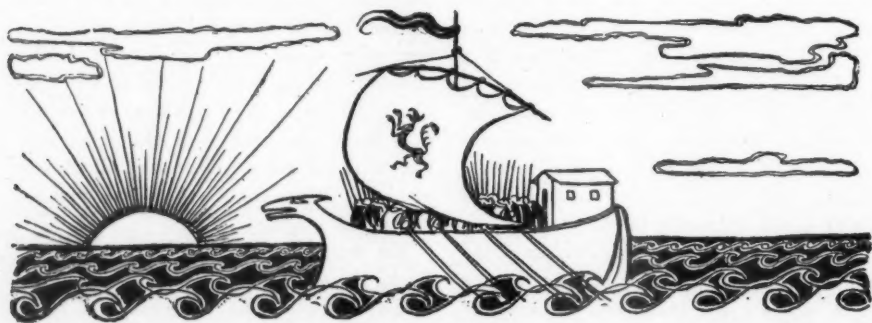
But time spends; and before leaving Kyoto everyone should make an excursion to Lake Biwa. The usual way is to go

over in a *kuruma* to Otsu on the shore of the lake, and there take one of the little steamers that go up and down two or three times a day, calling at two or three places on the shore. It is a fine piece of water, nearly forty miles long by five to ten wide, with green shores often high and steep and some fairly high mountains in the distance. In the old leisurely times poets and artists made much of the "eight beauties of Omi" as Lake Biwa is called in poetry. Some sound fantastic enough; they are the autumn moon from Ishiyama; the evening snow on Hirayama; the sunset glow at Seta (where a long bridge crosses an arm of the lake); the evening bell at Miidera; boats sailing back from Yabase; a bright, windy day at Awazu; rain by night at Karasaki, and wild geese settling, at Katata. Of these places, the long bridge at Seta, the huge spreading pine at Karasaki, and the old monastery at Miidera are the most famous. From this temple according to tradition the giant Benkei stole the great bell, and carried it off to the great monastery on Mount Hieizan, where he was a temple porter. But the bell murmured continually, and the monks got frightened and threw it down hill, and it rolled home again to Miidera.

The lake is very useful as well as beautiful, especially since the canal was built which now connects it with Kyoto and Osaka, and is large enough for vessels of considerable size. The canal was finished in 1890, and the engineer in charge was a young man who had made the scheme the subject of his graduating address at the university; he demonstrated his idea so well

that the authorities took the thing up and set him to carry it out. The first stretch is not quite seven miles long, and it had to be carried through a high hill, partly by a cut and partly by three tunnels; there is also a drop of nearly two hundred feet before reaching the level of the Kamogawa. This last has been met by the plan of the old Morris canal in New Jersey, but unlike that the Biwa canal has been a financial success; the plan is to run the boats onto a kind of cradle, and haul them up or down the incline by a wire rope. The motive power is the water from the canal, which is divided into two streams, one being turned aside for irrigation and to furnish electric power for Kyoto, while the other produces the electricity which works the rope. Two more short canals and a piece of the Kamogawa bring the connection all the way to Osaka Bay.

Thanks to this development of the water power, Kyoto has long had electric lights and even electric car lines. At first a small boy ran ahead through the narrow streets, to see that no one got run over; but by this time, after six years, the inhabitants have grown sufficiently wary. Tokyo, on the other hand, has had her first electric line only a year. Yet, after all, it is characteristic of young Japan that conservative, backward Kyoto should be first to have these modern conveniences; for if there is one thing about the country more astounding than another, it is the way in which old and new meet and apparently mingle, without causing an explosion!



FROM KYOTO TO KAMAKURA



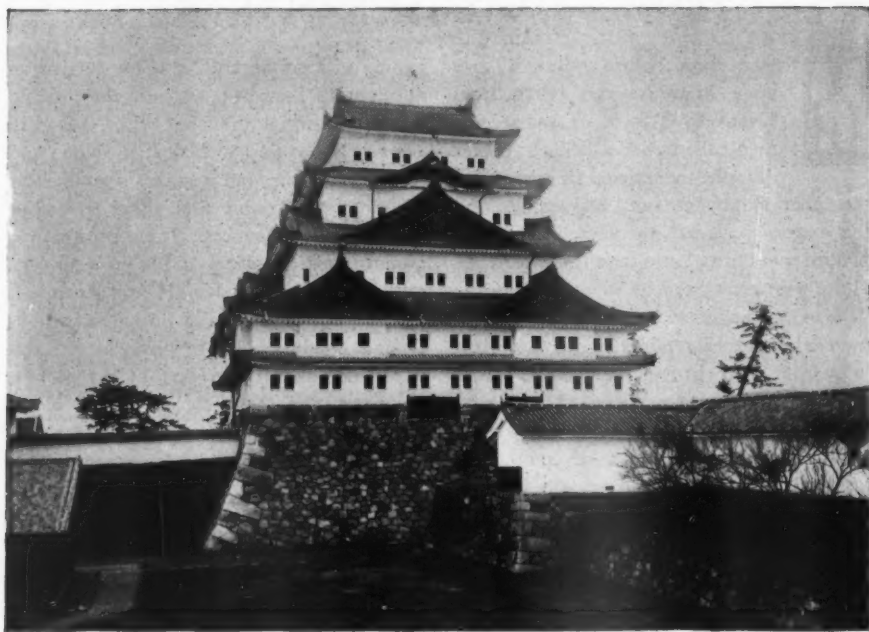
IN the days before railroads, two great highways ran north from Kyoto to Tokyo, or, as it was then called, Yedo. Their names describe them perfectly; they were the inner mountain road, Nakasendo, and the eastern sea road, the famous Tokaido. A third went from Yedo over the mountains to the west coast, and by these three in the days of the shogunate the princes or daimyo traveled with their retainers when they went to or from their provinces, my lord riding in his closed litter or *norimon*, and his men going on horseback or afoot. My lady was not there, for the law of compulsory residence required her to remain in Yedo with her children while the daimyo was away in his province. The highways were thirty-six feet wide, raised several feet above the fields when they passed through a flat country, and solidly made of small stones underneath and earth on top. Even now they are generally in good condition, though they are not kept up as they were before the railroads were built, and saddest of all there is little left of the beautiful avenues of pines or cryptomerias which once extended for miles and miles along the Tokaido.

Naturally the first railroad in Japan was between Yokohama and Tokyo. It was built by English engineers, and finished in 1878, and the general style of the road and rolling stock followed the English pattern. At the present time, most of the cars have seats running lengthwise from one end to the other, instead of being divided into compartments. Both locomotives and carriages are still imported, chiefly from England.

The line connecting Tokyo with Kyoto and Kobe was finished in 1889. Over the first part of its way north it runs beside Lake Biwa, then cuts across to Gifu, and down through the plain of Owari to Nagoya at the head of Owari Bay. These two are the most important towns on the road; Gifu is famous for lanterns, for the curious

fishing with cormorants which is carried on at night on the river, and for the terrible earthquake which it shared with Nagoya in 1892. Nagoya's specialty is blue and white porcelain, and it makes a good deal of imitation Dresden and other atrocities for the America market. It is a prosperous, modern looking place, and is growing very rapidly of late. Under the old regime it was the capital of Owari province, which, though not large, was so well watered and fit for rice that it was one of the richest daimiates, and the lord of it was one of the three families from whom the shogun might be chosen. A fine temple remains from those days, and the five-storied keep of the castle, standing inside a stone-faced moat and wall, on a stone foundation. A special order through one's legation is needed to get admittance, but it is worth a little trouble for the sake of seeing the enormous beams of which it is built, and which seem to fill all the space except a narrow passage and a stairway, until you reach the room at the top, and look out over the whole surrounding country. The outside, as in all buildings of its type, is covered with an immense thickness of dazzling white plaster, and the stories overhang like a pagoda, diminishing as they go up. There is quite a good hotel at Nagoya, and it makes a good place to break the journey if one so desires.

Nagoya is the point from which to visit Ise, where are the oldest and most sacred shrines; so very sacred that Buddhism hardly succeeded in touching them during all the centuries in which Shinto was overlaid by the imported religion. The actual temples are not old, because there is a very ancient rule requiring them to be rebuilt every twenty years; but always in the exact form of the old one, which is that of a primitive Japanese house. At least, so they tell us; only the priests may enter the last of the many fences enclosing the courts of the temples, and only a peep of thatched roof is visible through the thick foliage around



NAGOYA CASTLE

Famous in Japanese history.

them. The chief interest of the visit therefore is the journey, and the throngs of pilgrims that flock to it, especially in spring, when one of the great yearly festivals is held. You go by train as far as Yamada, seventy-three miles in all, which on a branch railway means a good large piece of a day. Inns are plentiful and one or two of them provide beds and European food of a kind. From there a long day in jinrikisha will take you the round of sights, among which the views of the coast, and the fine groves of camphor and other trees, are the most delightful. The whole place swarms with pilgrims, who frankly combine religion with pleasure, and having visited the temples, proceed to take in all the peep shows and other amusements they can find; and needless to say their wishes are amply met by a population that lives thereby.

The chief temples are two, in different villages a good way apart; one is the shrine of the sun-goddess Amaterasu, the ancestor of Jimmu Tenno, the first emperor; the

other is dedicated to mother earth in the character of the food-goddess. Of the two, that of the sun is a little larger and a little more sacred; it is there that they are believed to preserve the original mirror of the sun-goddess, which is not an idol, but a symbol of the divinity. At the temple of the food-goddess, the offerings of the first fruits of the harvest are made yearly, besides the daily offerings of food and water. On great festivals an officer attends to represent the emperor, and enters the enclosure with the priests. The people devoutly believe that any irreverence toward these shrines, even if unintentional, will bring terrible misfortunes on the emperor and the nation. It was this belief that cost the life of Viscount Mori, one of the ablest statesmen of the older generation. He visited the shrines soon after his return from Europe, and not only failed to perform any act of worship, but even pushed aside with his cane the white curtain that hangs across the gateway of the temple court. This so



TEA HOUSE, NAGOYA

preyed upon the mind of a fanatical youth that he went up to Tokyo and assassinated the viscount just as he was leaving his house to go to court on the day of the promulgation of the constitution, February 11, 1885.

From now on the railroad runs close to the sea, following the old highway, and the views become more and more enchanting. To the left are spurs of the mountains, coming down closer and closer as we go north; all the plain is cultivated to the last inch; there are no fences, and when the rice is high the little dikes between the irrigated fields disappear, and you look over a sea of brownish gold. Thatch-roofed villages range along the road, or cluster against the hills, leaving all the level free for rice fields. On the lower slopes of the hills much tea is grown; the nearness of the railroad is a great advantage here, and much of the crop goes to Yokohama to be re-fired for export. Cured as it is for home use, it must be kept in very tight jars, or it will spoil. The same kind of leaves will make "Japanese" or "Chinese" tea,

according to the way it is treated. The bushes are planted out in rows, and allowed to grow about two or two and a half feet high; with their dark shining green leaves, they look at a little distance like old-fashioned box bushes. The flowers are rather pretty, less white than other camelias, and not double, but of the same thick waxy texture. Women and girls do most of the picking and firing, and they are very picturesque as they move about with their large flat baskets, their heads covered with blue and white cotton handkerchiefs to protect them from the sun, and their long sleeves held back by a bright cord crossing the shoulders.

Shizuoka is the next large town, and it too has a good inn where one can break the journey very pleasantly; there are two fine monasteries containing some interesting pictures, and relics of the Tokugawa shoguns, several of whom retired here late in life. Here also the last shogun retired after he resigned his office in 1868, to live quietly on his estates till the present time.

Fortunate is the traveler who has fine weather for the next few hours ride, for he is approaching the mountain of mountains. A little beyond Shizuoka the road crosses the Fujikawa, and the whole sweep of Fuji lies before you, rising eleven thousand feet directly out of the plain, treeless for most of its height, a clean slope of ash and lava, crowned with snow in all but two months of the year. Its lines are the lines of a snowdrift, or a sand dune heaped by the wind; and something in the color of the ash, or the quality of the air, gives it often a look of unreality, a translucent effect as if the light shone not on but through the cone. The plain from which it rises is already a thousand feet above the sea, making something over twelve thousand for the entire height above sea-level. The lesser mountains stand around it in a half circle, Oyama to the north reaching four thousand feet.

From the earliest times Fuji has been sacred, and a place of pilgrimage. In the old days women were not allowed to go more than part way up; Lady Parkes, wife of the British minister, was the first to make the ascent, but now anyone may climb to the very crater, and thousands both men and women go every year during the weeks that the mountain is "open." At this time, when the snow has melted,—between the fifteenth of July and the tenth of September,—there is no actual difficulty except the distance and the rapid ascent. There are two or three approaches, and part of the way it is possible to go on horseback; after that it is a steady climb over shifting cinders to the top. There are huts at various points on the way up, and at these it is possible to stay over night, but a wise man takes plenty of provisions, as well as quilts to sleep in—and likewise insect powder! Cold as it is, the little flea is not inactive. The pilgrims generally come in parties, wearing white clothes and big straw hats, their quilts or blankets tied on their backs. It is quite possible to make the ascent in one long day, but more usual to spend a night near the top and push on in time to see the sunrise from the edge of the crater. Often the

upper air is clear when only the tops of distant mountains show through the mist.

No photograph ever gives the true impression of a mountain, least of all one so dream-like, so subject to moods as Fuji. One artist has rendered it, fantastically perhaps but most truly: the "Hundred Views" of Hokusai are a real interpretation of the mountain that so fascinates us all.

The train sweeps around within five miles of the base of Fuji, and then curves on eastward to climb through the Hakone Mountains. At this point in the middle of the main island the central chain of mountains seems to pile up on itself and spread out into a barrier stretching across nearly from coast to coast. In early times this great barrier formed a marked division between the upper and lower portions of the island, and even till the eleventh century the Ainu practically controlled the northern part, where a certain hero, Yoshiye, fought and at length subdued them. Later the Tokaido highway crossed the mountains by the famous Hakone Pass, and a gate and guard house protected the highest point until the end of the shogunate. The railroad does not follow the pass, but keeps farther north and crosses by zigzags and tunnels, coming out on the coast at Kodzu, about two hours below Yokohama.

Kodzu is the point from which to reach two favorite resorts, Atami on the coast, and the Hakone mountain region. Atami is particularly a winter place, being sheltered by the mountains and close to the sea, and it has plenty of hot springs—the first demand of Japanese visitors. Almost on the beach there is a geyser, which spouts regularly once in four hours; a building has been put over it, so as to utilize the salt steam for throat and lung patients. This part of the coast is often called the Riviera of Japan, not only on account of the warmth and the softness of the air, but the beauty of the scenery, the green cliffs and headlands and the deep coves that break the shore line. From Kodzu to Atami it is a ride of twenty miles all along this beautiful coast, but the road is hilly and sometimes rough, which



FUJI FROM GOTENBA



MOUNT FUJI

may be one reason why few tourists go to Atami. You ride in a "jinsha," which means "man-train;" it is a light car with four seats, running on rails, and propelled by two men. It might be rather comfortable, but in actual fact it is very jolty and hard.

The Hakone district is much more accessible, and the Fujiya hotel at Miyanoshita is one of the best in Japan. An electric car line runs from Kodzu along the bay to the old castle town of Odawara—where only the foundation blocks of the castle remain—and three miles farther across the country to Yumoto at the gate of the mountains. The Hakone Pass came out here and the road is still there, climbing over by the shortest way to Hakone Lake; but it is out of repair and unfit for jinrikishas. Instead, you turn to the right and follow a narrow valley through which a noisy stream comes down, and at almost the top of the cleft is the Fujiya, with its *dependance*, the Naraya, a little lower down and hanging almost over the edge of the deep ravine. A little farther up a fine bridge crosses the gorge, close to the little village of Kiga which is at the very top of the cleft. It is rather too warm here in summer, for the head of the valley is closely shut in, and a stream of hot water coming into it makes the place steamy; but for this very reason it is particularly attractive in spring and autumn, and the house is open all winter. The baths are nearly pure hot water, without enough iron or sulphur to be either unpleasant or useful. The bathrooms are nicely arranged, and from a foreigner's point of view it is one of the pleasantest places to enjoy the Japanese luxury of hot water. In spring the *uguisu* or warbler—the nightingale, as he is often wrongly called—sings all day long in the wooded ravine, and the wild flowers are in perfection about the middle of May,—azalea, camelia, wistaria, spirea and half the flowering shrubs of our lawns making the undergrowth among the maples and pines and live-oaks. And when you climb out of the valley and follow the path across the high

moors to Ashi-no-yu and Lake Hakone, there are irises and buttercups and daisies, and a host of familiar field flowers, indeed, the flora of Japan and the Atlantic coast have far more in common than either has with the other side of the Pacific.

It is eight miles from Miyanoshita to Hakone, and the path is only a trail, not fit for wheels; those who do not walk are carried in chairs or *kago*, the last being a litter with a very low roof, just big enough to curl up in. The pole goes under the roof, and the two runners take each an end on his shoulder and go off at a jog-trot of which you get the full benefit. The chair is easier, but needs four men and steady nerves, for the pole is carried on the shoulders and the chair is slung under the seat, so that you ride in the air around some very sharp curves.

Hakone is two thousand feet high, and cool and bracing in summer, and the lake is delightful to row upon; for which reasons many foreigners summer there, keeping house in little cottages, as there is no foreign hotel. It is apt to be rainy, even more than elsewhere in the island, but otherwise the walks and climbs and the deep woods make it one of the most attractive places within easy reach of Tokyo.

A pleasant way to return to Miyanoshita is to take a large flat-boat to the other end of the lake, putting chairs and bearers all on board, and climb by a forest path to a desolate valley steaming with sulphur smoke, which bears the appropriate name of Oji-goku, the big hell. (Buddhist teaching describes a very elaborate inferno, for which these volcanic valleys may well have supplied some of the imagery.) You cannot ride here; one of the bearers lends you a bamboo pole for an Alpenstock, and you follow him carefully along the narrow, slippery path between jets of steam and trickles of scalding water, and wastes of lumpy, yellowish gray mud,—the Yellowstone in miniature. A bit of wood full of moss and ferns creeps to the mouth of the valley, and beyond it is a long easy stretch of moor away to Miyanoshita again.



LAKE HAKONE

The torii in the foreground stands at the entrance of every Shinto temple. Torii means roost, the idea being to provide a roost for fowls that they might crow in the morning and wake the gods.



ASHINOVU, HAKONE

From Kodzu onward the train follows the Tokaido again, running through closely cultivated country, the little villages with their velvety brown thatch almost running into one another along the road. At Ofuna, a branch line runs off to Yokosuka and the naval station; following it to the next station, we reach Kamakura, once a mighty city, and now a populous summer resort—



FISHING BOAT NEAR ATAMI

and known to the world at least by name, for the sake of its famous bronze Buddha.

To understand Kamakura it is needful to go back to the eleventh century, when two great clans were striving for the mastery in the empire, the Minamoto and the Taira, whose doings furnish the material for half the romances and hero tales of old Japan.

The central figures are Kiyomori of Taira, and the two Minamoto brothers, Yoritomo and Yoshitsune. After half a lifetime of fighting and intrigue, Kiyomori defeated and almost exterminated the Taira, married his daughter to the boy emperor, and made himself practically ruler of affairs. But his pride and cruelty made him hated by all, and when Yoritomo and Yoshitsune gathered the scattered Minamoto, many gladly joined them.

These lads were sons of the Taira chief whom Kiyomori defeated and killed, and of a woman of extraordinary beauty called Tokiwa. When the Taira were routed, she took her children and fled through a snow-storm, carrying the baby Yoshitsune in her arms. It is she whom we see so often in Japanese pictures, dressed in beautiful garments and covered with a huge hat like an umbrella, struggling through the snow with two little boys clinging to her skirts. Presently Kiyomori got possession of her mother, and filial piety forced her to return and give herself up, but by her beauty and charm she wrought upon Kiyomori to spare her boys and make them priests. How the little Yoshitsune refused to wear a priest's dress, and demanded a sword instead, how he met a mountain kobold—a *tengu*, as they call them—on the hill near his monastery, and learned from him the art of fencing; how he fought with the giant Benkei on Shijo bridge, and overcame him and made him his faithful henchman forever; and how he ran away to join his brother, who had already escaped to the north and gathered a band of his clan, all this and more Japanese histories tell in fullest detail.

There followed a bitter struggle and many brilliant deeds of individual heroes. The fight was not only around Kyoto, but at point after point along the Tokaido, and, later, in the provinces to the south along the Inland Sea, which were Taira holdings. In the midst Kiyomori died, implacable to the last, desiring only that Yoritomo's head might be laid on his grave. Then his followers fled south, taking with them Kiyomori's great-grandson, the child-emperor Antoku, and made a last stand at Danno-ura on the Inland Sea, and were utterly destroyed, Kiyomori's daughter throwing herself into the sea with her grandson. Then Yoritomo had himself made shogun, or general-in-chief, and proceeded to reorganize the whole country with marvelous wisdom and ability, establishing the feudal system on a definite and orderly basis, and making law once more respected after the years of war.

He settled himself, not at Kyoto, but in the half wild north beyond the barrier of the Hakone Mountains; in a region which had never been thoroughly brought under imperial control, and where he could without disloyalty grant lands to his followers, on condition that they should be cleared and drained and the Ainu kept back.

At first it is difficult to see just why Kamakura should have been chosen as his camp and afterward his capital; one has to remember that ships were small and war a question chiefly of individual prowess. The place lies on a shallow cove rather than a harbor, on the southwest side of the peninsula which closes Tokyo Bay on the west. This whole peninsula is a mass of high tumbled hills and cliffs and rocky inlets, which no doubt made it the easier to guard in a warfare waged with arrows and swords and spears.

Today the main line of the railroad running south from Tokyo sends off a branch at Ofuna, a dozen miles below Yokohama, which cuts its way quite through the heart of the peninsula to the bay side, where in a sheltered corner is the imperial dockyard and naval station of Yokosuka. From a tiny village, as Yokosuka was when a French company built the first docks for the government, it has grown to be a busy town where the steam hammers and tall chimneys of the ship-building plant make an American think of home. It is not possible to visit the naval establishment without a special permit from the authorities, and further it is not permitted to sketch or take photographs anywhere about this part of the coast. Notices to that effect are posted in English as well as Japanese, at points all along the coast road, but I may add that with proper introduction it is possible to get a license for a month at a time—or was, before the outbreak of war. One of the sights of Yokosuka is the grave of Will Adams, an English pilot, who was wrecked with some companions in the southern part of Japan, a few years after the Portuguese were driven out and the country closed to foreigners. The shogun found Adams

clever and useful, and gave him land at Yokosuka, and employed him to build ships and teach navigation, but though he promised Adams to send him home, and gave him a Japanese wife and plenty of honors, the time to leave never came and Adams is buried on the hill with his wife beside him.

One of the innovations in modern Japanese life is the habit of spending part of the summer by the sea. It is notorious that no Japanese cares a straw for a resort that does not furnish some kind of bathing; the many hot springs of the mountains are their delight. But sea bathing is a comparatively new thing, and the way it has taken hold is surprising. Perhaps one reason may be that the Nobles' School in Tokyo has a summer swimming department, which takes parties of boys to the coast and has them half the day in or on the water. Water and air alike are of the softest temperature, and the lads row off in a big boat, plunge over and swim, and climb in again and row themselves warm and dry, or come ashore and rest or wrestle and run races on the sand. At the end of the season there is a swimming match over a course two or three miles long, the boats keeping always alongside with a master on the watch for the least sign of exhaustion.

Twenty or even a dozen years ago land at Kamakura and at other places along this part of the coast could be had for a few dollars—just what it was worth for agricultural purposes. Now, not only has all land gone up in price throughout the empire, but the demand for summer cottages has set fancy values on "shore lots." Kamakura is fast growing into a summer city.

It is a pretty place, and for a Japanese full of thrilling historical interest. The beach is about a mile long, curving in an even crescent from one sharp green headland to another; a tiny village of fishermen's houses pushes in against the hollow of the cliffs on either side, and here on the sand are rows of long narrow boats, *sampans* as they call them, drawn up above the tide; and deep narrow-mouthed baskets like the crab-baskets of Venice; and sea-

weed spread drying on mats or piled ready to carry away, and picturesque brown nets and anchors and all the paraphernalia of the sea. The people live mainly by fishing, but many of them have a bit of land too, when they have not sold it to Japanese or foreigner for a cottage.

The bay is very still, with only a ripple of surf except in a storm; when the tide is down the men must wade far out dragging



ANCIENT STONE IMAGE OF BUDDHA, HAKONE

the sampans, and if you wish to embark for a row, you must either wade out two or three hundred yards through water barely over the ankles, or submit to ride pick-a-back. Behind the beach there is a line of low sand hills, then an open plain a mile across, surrounded on every side by high wooded hills, mountains almost. Clefts and ravines run up between the hills, and in one place a tunnel fifty feet long connects two

bits of wilderness which once were part of the shogun's magnificent city.

For here Yoritomo set up his camp, and here after he had gained his power he established his capital and worked out his plans. His followers were all warriors, and they held their positions on the condition of fighting for him at need; his great lords ranked according to the number of men they could support and equip. He ordered and maintained the sternest discipline, putting down with a high hand the feuds and vendettas that had desolated the country during the period of the wars. He marked off a sharp distinction between the *kuge*, or court nobles, and the *buke*, military lords; to these last belonged the daimyo, large and small, and their retainers were the *bushi* or knights, or, as they are commonly called, *samurai*, the men entitled to wear swords, whose business in life was to fight for their lord. For them all Yoritomo laid down the strictest rules of etiquette; himself always a fighter, he encouraged horsemanship, and took the greatest delight in hunting wild animals in the Hakone mountains.

Nor was religion neglected. Yoritomo understood well how to conciliate the all-powerful Buddhist priesthood, and Kyoto itself is hardly more full of temples. They are all that is left of his time. Largest and most interesting is the temple of Hachiman, god of war, who in life was the Emperor of Ojin, son of the empress who conquered Korea, and therefore an ancestor of Yoritomo himself, who never forgot that he came of the imperial line. At this temple are preserved many interesting relics of the shogun, and even of the empress, mother of the hero god. The temple stands on a terrace at one side of the plain, quite near the railway station—a convenience for the globe-trotter who wishes to save his steps or rather his *kuruma* rides over the sandy roads.

But quite across the little plain he must go, for on the other side is Kamakura's great glory and renown, the colossal bronze Buddha. It is a figure of Amida, the Buddha of wisdom, seated on a lotus in the

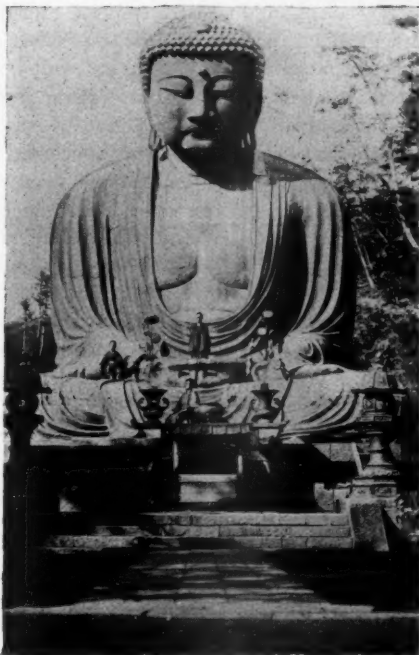
conventional Hindu attitude, the feet crossed and the hands in the lap, fingers up and thumbs together. There is no temple, it was destroyed by a tidal wave some centuries ago; and the impassive figure sits on his stone platform in a hollow of the hills, among pines and flowering cherry trees. Probably this adds much to the impression of remoteness which seems to me the most striking quality of the still figure. It is not that he is shut off from the world by screening walls; the world is all about him, and he, withdrawn from it all, heeds only what is within his soul.

Before the Revised Treaties went into effect in 1899, foreigners could not reside or do business anywhere but in the five open ports, Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Hakodate and Niigata, or in the special concessions in Tokyo and Osaka. They might have passports entitling them to travel, good for six months—later for a year—but one holding a traveler's passport could not engage in business. Therefore the recreation places of Yokohama and Tokyo residents had to be within "treaty limits," or within a radius of ten *ri*, which is not quite twenty-five miles, from the port; to pass these it was needful to go through the bother of taking out a passport for the occasion.

And that is the secret of the starting of modern Kamakura; it was inside the limits, and easily reached by a beautiful kuruma ride of eighteen miles across country, even before the railroad made it a matter of an hour only. Also, at an early stage, an enterprising Japanese opened a "foreign" hotel, that is to say a house with doors and windows, beds, chairs and tables, and European food. It is by no means perfect, especially at holiday times when it is more than full, and napkins and tablecloths fail to meet the demand; but fairly good it is, and nearly always full both summer and winter, for the coast is always warmer than Tokyo, and it is delightful to get down upon the sunny beach.

It is a temptation to linger over the many historic spots among the hills along the

coast. For three centuries Kamakura held its importance, and was the scene of growing luxury and refinement, and, therewith, of the inevitable degeneration that must follow. Yoritomo's own line ended with his grandsons, both of whom were done to death; fit retribution, perhaps, for the man who had slighted and persecuted the



DAIBUTSU (GREAT BUDDHA) AT KAMAKURA

Six hundred years old. Made of bronze. Fifty feet high, with inner staircase leading to doors opening at shoulder blades. Originally inside a temple which was destroyed by an earthquake. Visitors are asked to contribute to the restoration of the temple.

brave brother Yoshitsune who helped to win his power, and finally drove him into the wilderness with a price upon his head, to fall by treachery at last. After him came the strange anomaly of a series of boy shoguns, ruling as military governors in the name of a boy emperor, and ruled themselves by a regent who held the office by tacit inheritance as the Minamoto held the shogunate. These Hojo regents became so oppressive that at last an emperor, Go Daigo, made a strong effort to throw off the

yoke of shogun and regent together; and for a time succeeded, through the skill and bravery of some of the most devoted followers who ever gave their lives for an unworthy master. Nitta Yoshisada took Kamakura—by the aid, they say, of the sea-god, who heard Nitta's prayer and rolled back the sea so that the army could pass around the cliff. But when the Hojo regents were put down, the emperor turned from his best friends to the traitor Ashikaga, who got himself made shogun and brought back another period of oppression and misrule, which was yet a period of great brilliancy as far as the arts were concerned.

It was in this period too that the warrior class developed that unwritten code which has been so large a factor in the making of Japanese character. The ideals of honor, of a man's character and conduct, found concrete expression in the lives of those men who served the unhappy emperor Go Daigo. There was Nitta Yoshisada, fighting for him through good report and evil report; Kojima Takanori, following his master as he was taken into exile, and communicating hope and encouragement by a poem written at peril of his life on the trunk of a tree under the emperor's window; and Kusonoki Masashige, on the eve of the battle which he knew must be his last, sending for his young son and forbidding him to take his life in the despair of the moment, and charging him to grow up and serve the emperor in his father's place; and the son in his turn, gentle and fearless, giving up the prospect of happiness to fight in a lost cause; Kumagaye too—but he was earlier—seeking to spare the fair young lad whom he has overcome in battle, striking the blow at last only to save the boy an ignoble death, and thereafter, hanging sword and armor in a temple, giving himself up to a life of prayer and pilgrimage; and the retainer of Suguwara substituting his own son for his young lord who has been condemned to death, and when he has looked on the lifeless face of his own child and calmly identified it as another's, returning home with

the words, "Rejoice, my wife; our son has done his lord a service." Such as these a knight was taught that he should be; brave but not cruel; seeking justice and fair play, magnanimous and gentle to the weak, careless of his own life, and ready to sacrifice for a worthy cause all he held dear; above all, of an absolute, unquestioning loyalty towards his over-lord. It was the teaching of Confucianism, mingled with Buddhistic ideas of the duty of gentleness toward fellow creatures, and also of the sorrow and valuelessness of life; these passed through that very lively medium, the Japanese mind, and brought out again in a form entirely new and original. The "ought" of Bushido was, in the first place, the Shinto conception that every man has something of the divine nature in his own soul, and that if he will only follow it he will be in "the Way." And outwardly, it was a law of *noblesse oblige*, of being worthy of one's name;—something very close to the Greek *kairos*, what is seemly, or the modern English idea of "things no fellow can do." The honor of a samurai was to be as spotless as his sword, and that, the code taught, was his very soul. It is true this was the code of a class only, and no doubt also the ideal was too seldom realized; but one can have a good deal of faith in the destiny of a race capable of conceiving such an ideal.

Tourists never fail to visit Kamakura and the Daibutsu, and they should also go over to Bente's beautiful island, Enoshima, which lies just across the water, at the end of the next curve of beach. At low tide it is not an island at all, but is connected with the shore by a strip of soft, shifting sand. Beyond this strip the whole island rises abruptly from the sea to a height of three or four hundred feet, all clothed with magnificent trees and green with moss and ferns. A great torii at the end of the sand marks the entrance to sacred ground, for according to tradition the island rose from the sea in a single night, and on its top in the dawn sat Bente, goddess of good fortune, in a robe of rainbow mist. On the far



ENOSHIMA, NEAR KAMAKURA

The most popular summer resort of Japan.

side are the sacred caves, where formerly a wicked dragon lived, but banished by Benten's power when she arrived with her island.

There are nearly always parties of Japanese pilgrims and sightseers at the caves, country people mostly, enjoying themselves with frank cheerfulness and no apparent awe. A party of foreigners is a highly entertaining show to them, and the most knowing of the villagers explains their points. Our dress puzzles them greatly; hats and skirts they think belong to men, and yet the people wearing them have women's hair! The people of Enoshima have long ceased to notice foreigners, except as possible buyers of their shells and glass, sponge and corals, the polished paper-weights of curious stone, the slate ink wells and hair-ornaments

made of pinkish shells, temptingly displayed on either side of the one steep street that leads up from the shore. The men are off fishing; it is the women who keep the little shops, and the little girls with the never-lacking baby tied on their backs and sleeping serenely while they run about and play. All day long there is no pause in the sound of chattering voices, and the scrape and clip clap of wooden clogs climbing up and down the long hill. But away from the village the winding paths are very still, and there are charming peeps through the trees of the sea below and the Hakone Mountains across the bay, and in fine weather the white cone of Fuji floating above them. Few places in the world are lovelier than Benten's tiny island.



TOKYO



ROBABLY Yokohama would not like to be thought of as a suburb of Tokyo, but when the electric car line now building is completed it will seem very much like one.

We hear so much more of the port in America that it is almost a surprise to find it so much smaller than the capital. Yokohama counts about four thousand foreigners and a hundred thousand Japanese; Tokyo, a million and a half—of whom a few hundred are foreign. Tokyo is thirteen miles across in one direction and ten the other; you can ride over Yokohama from the top of the Bluff to Kanagawa in half an hour. Yet the sea-port must continue to increase in importance; for as regards America it is the nearest harbor—not counting Hakodate, which is nearer to Canada—and it is also nearly in the middle of the main island, and is connected with Tokyo not only by rail but by the bay, which is navigable for a very useful fleet of small cargo boats.

Tokyo lies at the head of Tokyo Bay, just where the Sumida River comes into it; Yokohama is eighteen miles lower down, on an excellent harbor, and another twenty miles from the mouth of the bay. The narrowest part of the channel is at Uraga, five miles above the mouth, and here are the forts which replace the old guard station at which in Tokugawa days all vessels had to stop and give an account of themselves. It was here that Commodore Perry anchored in 1853, and a monument on the shore near by marks the place where he landed and delivered the president's letter demanding the opening of Japanese ports for our trade. The next year the first treaty was signed, granting Shimoda and Hakodate; the latter being specially wanted on account of the whalers' needs, which were the real cause of Uncle Sam's demand. A few years later a tidal wave destroyed the anchorage at Shimoda, and the foreign concession was moved up to Kanagawa, and then across to Yokohama.

The oldest part of the port lies along the

harbor, where the various consulates, hotels, and business houses are; the residence part is a fine hill overlooking the bay, which was granted when the original settlement became too small. The Japanese part lies between the Settlement—as it is still called—and Kanagawa; and in this part are most of the curio shops which the globe-trotter finds so irresistible. The fact is that Yokohama is as good a place to shop as he can find in the empire, artistic Kyoto not excepted, for the products of the whole country, old and new, are brought here for sale, and the dealers have a good deal of English of a kind, so that he can amuse himself by going about without a guide. Till a few years ago the Grand and the Club hotels caught all the tourist travel; now they have a rival in the new and attractive Oriental. All three are on the Bund, the drive along the water between the harbor proper and the Bluff, and near by are the steamship offices, and the clubs, and shipping and other firms which have been there from the first. There are more Americans in Yokohama than any other one people, but on the whole the tone of life is rather English; the chief amusements are cricket and boating and racing, and there are dramatic societies and the like for those who have leisure; while the missionary body does much educational and philanthropic work, and finds little time for amusements.

Far the larger part of the foreigners in Tokyo are missionaries or members of the diplomatic corps; the business people occasionally live there, and go back and forth to Yokohama by train. There are a few professors of various nationalities in the university, specialists in language or international law or the like, and a few teachers of language in the schools; that is about all. Though there is now no restriction, merchants and other business people find the ports more suitable for their work than the interior.

Trains from Yokohama and the south enter Tokyo along the bay; one station is at



BEGINNING OF "THE GINZA," TOKYO
Street corner showing invasion of Western methods.

Shinagawa on the southwestern edge of the city, and the terminus, Shinbashi, is two miles farther in, a little below the point where the Sumida reaches the bay. Tall factory chimneys are a feature of Shinagawa, and the black smoke they pour out promises badly for Tokyo's future, if it ever takes largely to manufactures. Shinbashi station is small and dingy, always crowded, and echoing with the clang of wooden *geta* on the stone floors, but the red-capped porters are prompt and obliging, and help you to escape quickly to your jinrikisha.

Tsukiji, the foreign concession, lies along the river just above its mouth; it is a comparatively small section, raised only a few feet above the tide, and in fact part of the ground reclaimed from the bay, as its name, Tsukiji—"made land"—implies. Probably when it was first given the representatives thought it well to be near the water, and within possible reach of gunboats; though only the American legation was ever placed there, and it did not stay many

years, removing to higher ground nearer the heart of the city. Tsukiji does not seem like Japan at all; the big white-plastered Roman Catholic cathedral, the fine brick cathedral of the American Church and the schools and residences of both missions take up a large part, and most of the other missions own a few houses there, though the larger part of their work and their property is in other parts of the city. Formerly, the only way to live outside of Tsukiji was to get oneself registered as in the employ of a Japanese, usually as a teacher in one of the many mission schools; under the present treaties of course nothing of the kind is necessary. It is true that aliens cannot own land; but they can acquire the right to a superficies on a very long lease, with payment of a fixed ground rent. It is not uncommon in Tokyo to build a house on rented land; perhaps because houses are small, and not hard to move bodily, or even to pull down and carry off to be rebuilt. Land values in Tokyo are increasing

greatly, and rents are often out of proportion to the cost of the living. Just before the treaties went into effect, Tsukiji rents went up far beyond other parts of the city, just because it was the only foreign concession and there was no more land to be had; but now they are not particularly high.

The sea air makes Tsukiji cool and healthy, in spite of its low situation; but a serious disadvantage is the long stretch of flat, poorly built-up streets one must pass through to get to it. All this side of the city is low, and picturesque enough too, with its many canals and bridges, and the miles of little shops open to the street. Once the river and the bay claimed all this; Asakusa temple, a mile or two back, commemorates the place where a fisherman once drew to land a tiny golden image of Kwannon, which is preserved there still in the innermost shrine, and never opened.

That was centuries ago, when there was nothing on the river but a few fishermen's huts; for Tokyo is after all a very recent creation. It was at the beginning of the fifteenth century that a retainer of one of the northern daimyo built a small castle on the highest of the hills overlooking the river; nearly a hundred years later the first Tokugawa shogun took it over and rebuilt and strengthened it, and made it the center of his new capital, and his successors held it after him till the coming of the outsiders precipitated a change that in any case was inevitable.

The fifteenth century was a time of great disturbance; the central power had grown weak, and the great lords were asserting themselves more and more, and struggling among themselves for mastery in the empire. Into this ferment came the Portuguese, bringing firearms and a new religion, which seem to have been received with almost equal enthusiasm. Certainly both were utilized by the great man of the time, Ota Nobunaga, the lord of a small province, who by daring and ability made himself powerful enough to overthrow the shogun and restore actual as well as nominal authority to the emperor. He welcomed and encouraged the Christians, partly at least

as an offset to the Buddhist priests, who had become very wealthy and overbearing; and with the new weapons he used armies rather than individual knights—bringing in much the same changes as gunpowder produced in Europe. After his death the work of centralization was carried on by his chief general, Hideyoshi, a peasant lad who had pleased Nobunaga by his extraordinary cleverness, and had been raised by him from horseboy to officer. After getting practical control of everything at home, Hideyoshi attempted the conquest of Korea, on the pretext that tribute formerly sent had been omitted—as it had, for several centuries. Though he was checked after several successes by the severe cold—Korea is very different from Japan—the Koreans were nevertheless glad to make peace by paying gifts and sending hostages; and soon after Hideyoshi died.

Tokugawa had been one of his generals, and at first remained faithful to Hideyoshi's son, but a break soon came, and after a struggle which we have not time to go into, Tokugawa defeated his rival in the final great battle, and had himself made shogun by the emperor; after which he reorganized the entire country, changing the daimyo about and rewarding with the best of the provinces those who had stood by him from the beginning. Statesman as well as general, he knew how to satisfy the great lords by giving them almost absolute autonomy in their own districts, while he restricted them by certain general requirements, by separating those who were likely to be dangerous, and also by the ingenious scheme of obliging each to spend a fixed portion of his time in Yedo—as the city was then called—and to leave their wives and children there when they went to their provinces.

What Tokugawa Ieyasu planned, his grandson Iemitsu finished. The governing power was absolutely centralized in the shogun and the *Bakufu* or council of elders, which got its name of "Curtain Government" from the curtain behind which military leaders consulted; it was not so much a senate as a committee of officials who

advised the shogun. Should the shogun's direct line fail, the bakufu chose his successor from one of the three families, Mito, Owari and Kii. The feudal system was made more rigidly precise than ever; rules of etiquette prescribed every man's social position, duties and privileges; and the privileges, almost without exception, belonged to the daimyo and their retainers, the samurai. As for the imperial court at Kyoto, though theoretically the shogun was merely the general appointed by the emperor to act for him, in effect the imperial master had only a semblance of power and a very small fraction of the revenues, and the kuge or court nobles were often hard set to find means for keeping up a life suited to their rank.

With over three hundred nobles and their followers permanently quartered there, Yedo speedily became a great city. Each lord had two or three establishments, some as many as six; they were called *yashiki*, and were spaces of one to several acres, enclosed by a solid wall and entered by strongly fortified gates; sometimes a long, narrow house built of tiles set in plaster made part of the wall, turning only small, narrow windows to the street; some of these are still standing in Tokyo. Inside was the lord's residence and houses for his followers, and often a charming garden, exercise ground for the men-at-arms, and so forth. Most of these *yashiki* were on the hills to the north and west of the castle. A few are still nearly untouched, serving as

the residences of the modern nobility; most of them have been cut up and sold, and make today the pleasantest dwelling places in Tokyo, with their old trees still standing, and the green hedges or high fences shutting them in from the street.

Some were taken by the government for public use; one went to Great Britain for Her Majesty's legation, in the days of Sir Rutherford Alcock; and the strong brick wall around it was not put there for ornament only, in those days of lawless *Ronin* who thought to save their country by disposing of the hated foreigners. Nor did they stop at that; assassination for political reasons was a feature of the last years of the Tokugawa régime, and even lasted over into the beginning of the present reign.

The Tokugawa period lasted more than three hundred



MUTSUHITO, EMPEROR OF JAPAN

years, from the beginning of the seventeenth century till the opening of the country in 1854; and it was a period of great magnificence. The Tokugawa encouraged Buddhism, and with it a taste for Indo-Chinese forms of art, with all their splendor of color and wealth of detail; the daimyo households were filled with magnificent utensils, and both men and women wore garments heavy with embroidery and piling color upon color—those gorgeous robes of ceremony that have vanished utterly from modern Japanese life, passing too often into the hands of the curio dealers and through them out of the country. Not a few temple furnishings go the same way.

It was the Tokugawa who turned out the Spanish and Portuguese priests, persecuted the Christians, and finally closed the country to all but the Dutch traders who were allowed to come to Nagasaki. The object of this last move was to keep the southern clan, Satsuma, from profiting by the intercourse



TYPE OF SAMURAI

Former fighting class ranking next to the nobles.

with the foreigners, as they were sure to have done, in which case they might easily have become too strong for the shogun. But before the country was closed a number of Chinese refugees had been admitted, many of whom were learned men who had fled after the present Manchu dynasty overthrew the Mings. Certain of these savants were received and entertained by the lord of Mito, a descendant of the first Tokugawa; and under his patronage began a school of students who devoted themselves to a revival of Chinese learning, and later, to the ancient Japanese literature. Prince Mito's beautiful yashiki in Tokyo is now the property of the arsenal, and can be seen by special permission obtained through one's legation; the garden or rather park was planned by these Chinese savants, and is a marvel of landscape art. Mito had a large number of scholars

at work compiling a history of Japan; and the result of all this study was a wave of nationalism, and a murmur of revolt against the shogun as a usurper of the imperial rights. And at the same time changes in social conditions, without change in the government, caused a deep undercurrent of unrest.

This was the state of things when the nations began to make demands. The shogun's government knew that it dared not refuse; but on the other hand the nationalist party raised a cry against them; the emperor refused to ratify the treaties, which had been made without consulting him, and commanded the shogun to turn the intruders out. In 1868 the perplexed shogun resigned; his clan resisted with several other clans, on the ground that the emperor was coerced by the Satsuma people, and there was a short but sharp contest before all submitted and were forgiven. The young emperor then ratified all the treaties, and promised a constitution and a representative government, and such changes as might be needful for the good of the country. A few months later he moved to Yedo, and renamed it Tokyo, Eastern Gate or Capital; and very shortly thereafter the daimyo one and all resigned their offices and lands and the feudal system came suddenly to an end.

To understand this most astonishing act one must know something of the circumstances. Japanese feudalism was very complete; the daimyo held their land from the emperor, with the understanding that they were to guard and regulate it for him; in like manner the samurai held from their lord, but as they did not always—in fact did not often—possess any lands, they received from him their support, paid in a fixed amount of rice delivered monthly. In return for this support, their sole business was to be ready to fight for their lord if needed, and meanwhile to render him such service in the way of attendance as he might demand. As the income in rice was often exceedingly small, there were certain polite occupations in which they might indulge,

not for pay, but with the certainty of receiving return gifts; such were teaching, whether of the sword or of writing or literature or some other form of learning; also practicing as physicians, and farming. Now, the revenues of the daimyo had in many cases diminished greatly, while their expenses had grown no less; and many of them were in hard straits to provide for their retainers. It was a samurai of Satsuma who proposed to his master that he should resign his office and his responsibility. Other great clans took up the idea, and they forced the lesser ones to come in; and the thing was done.

At first the plan was to compensate the samurai by giving them an annual pension; then this idea was abandoned, and each was presented with a fixed sum, with which he was supposed to start life for himself. They were about as fit for it as children. For generations their rice had come to them regularly, from the white storehouses on the river where it was brought by the boats from the country or from Osaka, the chief distributing center; for generations they had been taught that money was degrading, that even to know anything about it was a disgrace to a knight. Some promptly spent what came; some tried to go into business, and lost all, or still worse became deeply involved in debt. A few got land, or kept a little that they had, and did well; fewest of all actually succeeded in business. Great numbers of them went into the newly organized police service of Tokyo, and every government office however small, was eagerly filled, for such a service for the state, though it might be lowly in kind, was yet worthy.

The social order was set up again on European lines; instead of the old classes there are now the nobility of various ranks, and the commoners; the latter including all classes, the former samurai, and those who were once *heimin*, farmers, artisans and merchants, even the *eta*, who under feudalism were outcasts almost without rights of any kind. All men are now equal before the law; but politically the franchise depends on certain property qualifications.

The first effect of the shogun's resigna-

tion was disastrous for Yedo. The daimyo, released from compulsory residence, promptly returned to their provinces, and for a time the city seemed deserted. But when the court moved up from Kyoto, the world came back; and the new capital, now Tokyo instead of Yedo, became the center of a feverish activity. The conservative element was for the moment either converted or set aside; the new leaders were nearly all young men, full of enthusiasm for western ideas, and of the desire to make Japan over, to bring her at whatever cost into a position to protect her rights among the nations.

It has always been the custom to give names to periods in Japan. The young emperor—he was sixteen when he came to the throne—gave his the well-omened title of Meiji, "Enlightenment"; and it is not too much to say that the name has been a watchword not only to the government but to the whole people. Looking back over the changes of these thirty-six years of his reign, one cannot but rejoice, however much one may regret the inevitable losses.

Of such losses the picturesqueness of old Yedo is certainly one. Modern Tokyo grows year by year more western, and less beautiful, and—a great deal easier to live in. Streets are widened, hills cut down, small and smelly canals filled up, and, alas, much of the delightful embankment and wall of the outer circle of the moat is being gradually taken away; telegraph, telephone and electric light wires break the graceful sky-lines of old tiled roofs, and within six months an electric car line has invaded the most beautiful drive in the city, the wide avenue along the castle moat on the western side. A most useful line it is too, crowded always to its utmost capacity, especially when war sets everyone to saving all possible *kuruma* fares. Assuredly one must rejoice, and yet—one has the feeling that one used to have when one's best kitten grew up into a big clumsy cat. Can beauty and convenience never learn to live together?

Not that all Tokyo is corrupted yet; enough remains to make it one of the most

picturesque cities in the world, in its own particular way. Indeed, it has never succeeded in looking like a city at all, but



TYPE OF DAIMYO OR HIGHER CLASS

Note the oval intellectual features.

rather like a series of villages, each centered about a particular temple, and each melting into the next without any perceptible sign, except indeed where the divisions are bridges over the many canals and rivers winding about the lower portions or between the hills. It is really an ideal situation for a city. A mass of high hills abut upon the river just where it winds across the flat land to meet the tide in the bay; where once was swamp is now solid land with canals running through, flushed twice a day by the tide and bearing a host of small boats loaded with coal, wood, charcoal from the

mountains, fodder for the horses, rice, and a hundred necessities besides. Here among narrow crowded streets is Nihon-bashi, the bridge from which distances were measured along the highways running out from Yedo; and here today, both over and under, the life of the city surges continually.

On the highest hill, in the center of all, stands the imperial palace, a modern building in foreign style, placed close to the site once occupied by the shogun's castle. The castle was accidentally burned in 1863, and so was a later building occupied by the emperor after the restoration. After that the emperor lived for a time in the Aoyama palace on the northern edge of the city, which is now the residence of the crown prince and princess. Their two little sons are elsewhere, in charge of one of the nobles, for the ancient imperial etiquette forbids heirs to the throne to be brought up by their parents. However, it is pleasant to know



TYPE OF MIDDLE CLASS

Note the round heavy features.

that the prince and princess see the children very often.

The grounds about the imperial palace

are over half a mile across, and are completely encircled by the old moat; the west side of this is especially beautiful, for here the banks are fifty or sixty feet high, rising in steep grassy slopes crowned on the palace side by walls built of huge polygonal blocks of stone, swept over by long arms of pine. Above the wall nothing is to be seen but the tops of beautiful trees, or here and there a peep of roof; everything stands back, and most carefully hidden, and only invited guests ever penetrate within. Here and there in the wall are the old gates, built of heavy beams filled between with dazzling white plaster, under wide tiled roofs; on the south and east, where the ground falls flat, the massive stone walls rise from the water in a springing curve, and on them rest vertical walls of plaster and corner towers two or three stories high of the same dazzling white, all crowned with heavy curving roofs of black tiles. The moat is wider here, and long wooden bridges cross it to the gates. Walls, gates and towers are absolutely plain, and absolutely beautiful in the perfection of their proportions and the subtle curve of their lines; a cold beauty, if you like, but perfectly restful to the eye, as pure Japanese architecture always is.

It is a shock to come around to the south and behold the double-arched stone bridge and the new driveway to the entrance of the grounds, with its new cast-iron railings and group of electric lamps on either side; one seems to see "Made in Germany" stamped in their very shape. The open space below the bridge is often used for parades and other open air functions of modern Tokyo life. A little beyond, in the space which used to be a military parade ground, they have lately made a new and very pretty park, planting clumps of trees and bamboo, raising a little "Fuji" at one end and picturesque bits of rock-work here and there. As yet the newly planted trees are still shored up with props and tied to one another with cross poles, to keep them steady till the roots have set; but in a few years it will look like an old garden. At one end are swings, parallel bars, rings

hung to a pole, and other gymnastic apparatus, which the youngsters of the city appreciate highly. The electric cars pass beside it. In February, 1904, Hibiya Park was the scene of a grand welcome to the officers and crews of the two new warships which came from Genoa, the *Kasuga* and *Nishin*; there were flags and crowds and speeches, and a display of fireworks to wind up with.

Coming up this way from Shinbashi towards the palace, you might think yourself in some European city, for the level



GATE OF PALACE GROUNDS, TOKYO

open space is being built up with large brick and stone edifices, for banks and insurance offices and the like, and the different departments of the government. Two large brick buildings in what one might call "modern German" style are the Navy Department and Foreign Office; while on the hill to the left is the plain but well proportioned General Staff Office, presided over just now by Marquis Oyama, who led the second division of the army through Manchuria in 1894-95. Not far away are the Houses of Parliament, which look rather like large dwelling houses in timber and plaster. The original buildings were burned, and these are understood to be temporary. The diet is modeled partly on that of Germany, and consists of the upper or house of peers, and the commons. Part of the former are nobles who inherit their seats, part are elected from the lower nobility, and part are appointed by the emperor for some special service or ability. The peers number

328, the commons 376, and these latter hold office for four years. They need not reside in the district from which they are elected, but must have paid taxes there for at least a year. The voters must both reside and pay taxes in their given districts.

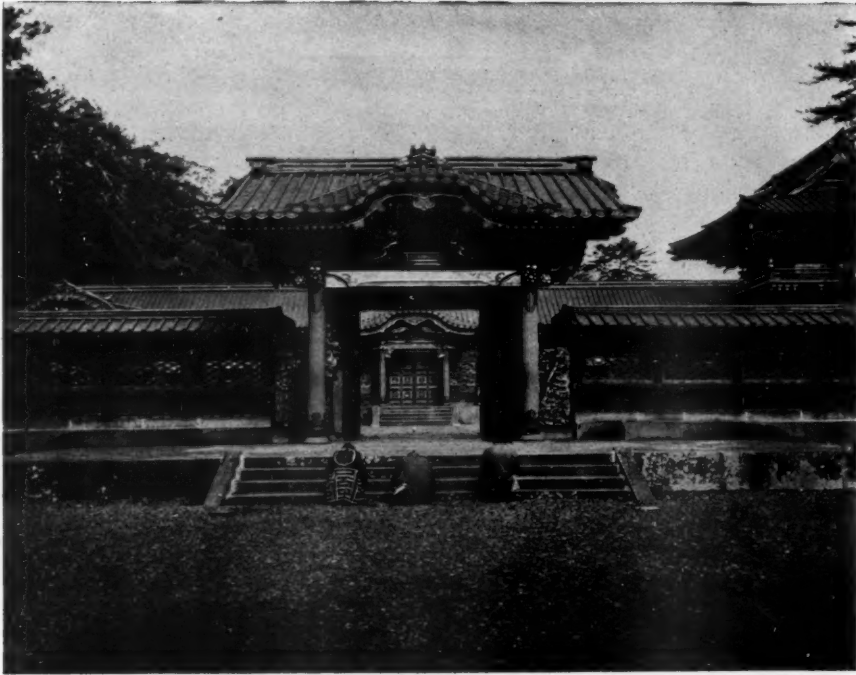
There are two large public parks, at opposite ends of Tokyo, both of them originally temple grounds, appropriated by the state soon after the restoration. You pass Shiba, the western park, as you come in on the railroad from Yokohama, between Shinagawa and Shinbashi. Most of the space is hilly and covered with forest trees, and almost at the top are the tombs of five shoguns and the little mortuary chapel belonging to each. The temple proper is under the hill, in a court entered by a fine two-story gate in red lacquer. The temple, chapels, and all the buildings are in the most gorgeous style of the Tokugawa period, full of elaborate carving, color, metal work and marvels of gold lacquer and embroidery. From the hill there is a charming view of the bay, and hidden away in the trees is the pretty "Maple Club House," a very popular tea house in pure Japanese style, especially famous for the grace of its dancing girls. Much political business is transacted over little dinners in those upper rooms, under cover of the *geisha's* prattle.

Quite at the other end of the city is Ueno Park, which also belonged originally to a once splendid temple, burned with most of its treasures in the battle between the Tokugawa and the Imperialists in 1868. Ueno too is a forest on a hill, and in it are a number of educational institutions, the music school, art school, public library, museum, zoological garden, and a rough wooden building used for temporary exhibitions of art and industry. The library is always crowded with readers, mostly students, among whom are not a few women. There is a fee of a few sen, which entitles you to enter, call for any number of books, and read all day if you like; or you may pay a five yen yearly subscription and take the books out. There are many volumes in foreign languages, besides those in Japanese;

and a fair number of western periodicals. But a serious drawback to the use of the library is its out-of-the-way situation; though the trolleys make this rather better now than when we had to depend on *kuruma* for the five or six mile ride across the city. *Kuruma* fares are based on distance rather than time; unless the wait is very long the man does not charge for it. The Tokyo rate is about twenty sen a *ri*, which is a little less than two miles and a half. Now four cents a mile at the rate of five miles an hour does not seem extravagant to the American mind; but it is all a matter of comparison. If you are a school teacher, or a petty official, for instance, on a salary of thirty-five to fifty yen a month, your *kuruma* bill is apt to make an unpleasantly large hole in your income; and the uniform three sen a ride of the electric car is a welcome change. Some day, no doubt, the cars will drive the *kurumaya* out of business, but there seems no immediate prospect.

The ride from Shinbashi to Ueno is far from beautiful, but quite interesting. It runs at first through the street known as "Ginza," which is lined with shops built of brick or plaster, most of them in "foreign" style; here are to be found engineering supplies, and machinery, tailors and outfitters, foreign groceries, photographers, newspaper and printing offices, in a word, everything that new Japan has appropriated of western life. A few of these shops have a clerk who speaks a little English, but they are meant for Japanese, not foreign buyers; nearly all of them, though, have English signs, usually in language severely correct; one must go farther into the city now for bold handling of our tongue, such as, "Shoes make and Shop," or "All kind the beef." After the second bridge the city becomes Japanese again, except for distant glimpses of the bank of Japan and a few public offices in the distance; the last stretch through a long wide street has little of the west except the trolley poles and wires.

Not far from Ueno as Tokyo distances go is the Imperial University; the first and



GATE OF TEMPLE SHIBA, TOKYO

for many years the only university in Japan. Now there is a second government university in Kyoto, and two private ones in Tokyo, Count Okuma's and the late Mr. Fukuzawa's. The Tokyo University stands in what was the *yashiki* of the lord of Kaga, one of the wealthiest daimyo; at first the grounds were beautiful with lawns and trees, but now the buildings of the different departments cover almost the entire space. There are no dormitories; the two thousand or so students live in the neighborhood, most of them in cheap boarding houses. The effort to provide decent and healthful homes for these young men is one of the best Christian philanthropies that can be devised; and judging by the one that I saw the other day, which is in charge of Mr. Sakai's College Settlement, I should say the effort was highly appreciated. The Y. M. C. A. is not far off, in Kanda, where most of the student boarding houses are, and near the Commercial and other important schools.

The association has a good brick building, and is doing good work on many lines.

Kanda is a very busy district; so too is Nihonbashi, where the banks are, and the main post-office, and no end of big warehouses; big, that is, for Japan, where skyscrapers are as yet unknown. The ladies of the party are sure to want to stop at Mitsui's great silk shop on the corner where you leave the car line for the bank of Japan; their new plate glass windows contain a most tempting display. Or there is *Hai-bara's*, on the quietest of little streets close by, where you can buy every imaginable kind of writing paper, decorated or plain, and the daintiest of paper fans; and beyond this again narrow *Nakadori*, which is lined with second-hand shops.

How have we been in Tokyo so long without a flower festival? In truth no month in the year is quite without one, for the last of December sets pines and bamboo at every door ready for New Year's day,



AKASAKA PARK, TOKYO

Showing cherry trees in bloom.

and the new year itself will hardly be complete without at least a branch of budding plum. I have seen plum blossoms in a sheltered garden in January; February, the first month in the old Chinese calendar, is their proper season; all the better if the snow falls on them, for the brave white and pink petals do not mind it in the least, and the sentimental Japanese rejoices over them much as we do over the first trailing arbutus, or an alpine gentian pushing through a drift. Then too the trees will go on blooming after they are bowed and gnarled with age, and this suggests a woman's character, the brighter for trouble and care. After all, that goes better than our ancestor's adage—

"A dog, a wife and a walnut tree,

The more you beat em, the better they be!"

Omori on the Yokohama line, just out of Tokyo, is a favorite place to go plum blossom viewing; there is a charming little tea house there, and beyond, a capital Japanese hotel on the edge of the wood by the Ike-

gami temple, which was almost destroyed by fire a few years ago. In Tokyo itself there is a wonderful grove of trees of most curious contorted shapes, which are much admired and well hung with poems at the proper season. In visiting such gardens, you need not trust your muse to furnish inspiration on the spot; extemporary poems, like speeches, are usually prepared beforehand.

The plum blossoms last for months in the lingering Tokyo spring, the last are not gone before the brief cherry blossom season is upon us, in the early days of April usually, though not quite always. Cherry blossoms are the glory of Ueno Park; the great avenue is an arch of pink mist, and throngs, both high and low, wander up and down delighting to catch the petals that the first breeze scatters. Sentiment enters largely here too; the *sakura* is the flower of the samurai, whose honor is to be as pure, as sensitive to the least touch, as ready to yield life in its prime. Hence the poem of the imperialist

writer of the eighteenth century, as Dr. Nitobe translates it:

"Isles of blest Japan!
If your Yamato Spirit
Stranger seek to scan,
Say: Scenting morn's sunlit air
Blows the cherry, wild and fair."

Yet more popular, but unfortunately far from respectable, is the great cherry-blossom avenue of Mukojima which lines the left bank of the Sumida for three miles. The road runs along a sort of dike between the river and the rice fields, and is lined with booths under the trees, where much liquid refreshment is to be had, not all of it from tea leaves. The coolie class disport themselves here, going just as far in wild hilarity as the police will allow—and that is sometimes pretty far, for cherry time is a privileged period. Some carry small tubs of *sake* (rice beer) over their shoulders, others have a gourd at their belts or swung on the end of a cherry branch, and this will be often filled and emptied. Sake does not often make them quarrelsome; they get very red in the face, and fall sound asleep, and the policeman puts them in kurumas and sends them home—at their families' expense!

After all the long spring, the maple leaves are not out in Tokyo till nearly May; then everything comes with a rush, just as it does in our northern states, azaleas about the Okubo monument in Kojimachi, among the green lanes and the high walls of foreign legations; purple clouds of wistaria at the temple in Kameido beyond the river; and *botan*, the sumptuous Japanese peony, with satiny petals as big as your hand, and colors ranging from white through rose to the deepest maroon. The July lotus flowers on the pond below Uyeno are larger but hardly more superb.

August and September have morning-glories; the raising of them is an esthetic cult, practised by the few, who know all varieties of shape and shade. And with autumn comes the emperor's flower, the chrysanthemum, which one must not expect to find larger or more beautiful than those of our greenhouses at home; only, here

they grow out of doors, and are within reach of everybody, and, too, the plants receive far more care than any but the choicest varieties with us. The sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum is the official crest of the empire, and may not be used by any private person. The empress' crest is the purple pawlonia. A curious show is held at a place called Dangozaka, a kind of Madame Toussand's where the dresses are all chrysanthemum plants covered with tiny flowers, and waves and waterfalls are made of white blossoms.

Chrysanthemum season is the time of times to go to a Tokyo *en-nichi*, or flower fair. *En-nichi* are held all over the city, on certain nights of each month, varying with each district and its local deity, for they are really held in connection with the temple. Thus the Kojimachi district has the *ni-shichi*, "two-seven,"—seventh, twelfth and twenty-seventh; Tenjin Sama, a most popular deity, has the twenty-fifth; another region has the first, eleventh and twenty-first. Men come from gardens all about the edge of the city, gathering towards dusk with their hand-carts, and setting up their display of plants all along the street; not in pots as a rule, but with roots tied up in straw. For fifteen to twenty sen—eight or ten cents—you may buy a fine plant well covered with buds, or a dainty dwarf maple, or perhaps a fuchsia or some western plant, which has been lately introduced. Much as one may love Japan—and not a few of us do, most deeply—a pansy or a verberna among these Japanese flowers somehow brings one's heart into one's throat. A little dwarf plum tree on Broadway will do the same. One must have been an exile, however voluntary, fully to appreciate the meaning of Kipling's "English posies." There are other things for sale at an *en-nichi*; cakes and candies, combs and flower hair-pins, toys of every sort, even crockery and household goods, and old books and second-hand brasses; peep shows too, and a small theater, but no band! There is a hum of voices, but it is not in the least noisy, and you move quietly and not uncomfortably

though the crowd is so thick you must go a step at a time.

Naturally the children are much in evidence; they are everywhere in Japan, but nowhere more than on Tokyo streets. Four out of five little girls, and nearly half the boys, seem to have babies on their backs. The babies sleep nearly all day, and the sisters jump rope and swing and play as if the small bundle were not there; only, if he wakes, she croons and rocks herself a little till he drops off again. They often come this way to Sunday-school, and step out in the aisle and rock the baby a bit when he gets restless.

From six to ten these children are required to go to school for at least part of the day. There are a few government kindergartens, and some charity ones conducted by the missionaries, and very useful they are too; one at least is run by some Japanese ladies, teachers in a government school, who give part of their scanty leisure to superintend the work of some young girls. Here as everywhere throughout Japan the government is hampered by lack of funds. The only department in which it has not dared to stint is the double-headed branch of army and navy; for whether Russia expected it or not, Japan has known for years that some day she would have to make this fight for her life. So the schools are too often housed in makeshifts of buildings, and in the higher grades there are not enough places for the children who want to come in.

We might have left the train at Shinagawa as we came up from Yokohama, and visited the graves of the forty-seven ronin. Their story has been told by Mitford, Dickens, Chamberlain and many others, and it needs only to repeat that they were retainers of a certain lord who was tricked to his death by an enemy, and that the band of forty-seven, who had become by their master's death *ronin*, or knights who were masterless, vowed to avenge him; for which purpose they scattered, many of them breaking family ties, and the leader giving himself up to a life of dissipation, till after two years the enemy was thrown off his guard, surprised

in his yashiki, and killed. The band then marched to their lord's tomb on the hill above Shinagawa, reverently presented the head, burned incense to their master's spirit, and quietly went to the authorities and gave themselves up; whereupon they were duly condemned to take their own lives, and were buried beside Lord Asano on the hill among the pines. The plain gray stones stand around a small space enclosed by a fence, and before them incense smolders almost incessantly, and there are visiting cards innumerable, tokens of the living honor paid these faithful ones, who broke the written law to keep what they believed to be a more binding spiritual ordinance. The great Danjuro is gone now, and I do not know if there is anyone worthy to follow him in the part of leader of the band in the drama based on this bit of history, but this much is sure, young Japan went to fight Russia feeling the influence of such examples of loyalty to the death. Below, in a little museum, are kept the armor and other relics of the band, the plan of the castle by which they found their way to the lord's apartments, the letter of the leader announcing their intention, and their effigies in painted wood; all so feudal in appearance that one has difficulty in remembering that all this happened only a little over a hundred years ago, and that such armor and weapons were actually worn till the middle of the nineteenth century.

Two more temples, and then we must leave Tokyo; they are the oldest and the newest, the Kwannon temple at Asakusa, and the Shinto shrine on the Kudan hill. The interest of Asakusa is not the big shabby building, with its wooden galleries around and its dusty interior crowded with tawdry furnishings, but the throngs of people who pass continually up and down the flagged walk leading to the court proper. They are nearly all of the lower class, women, children and old people, and a few working men; they climb the wooden steps and enter, fling a small copper coin into the slatted offering-box, and murmur a set prayer punctuated with hand-clappings; and go away—I have seen them—with a look of genuine

content. At one side there is an image of Binzuru, who heals disease, and here the people come and rub his body at the part where their own trouble lies, and then pass their hands over their own. It is pathetic to see the mothers guiding little baby fingers over the face, shapeless now with much rubbing, and too probably pass on to the little eyes the germs of disease left there by other hands.

Amusement as well as religion are to be found at Asakusa; the shops that line the entrance are full of cakes and toys, and there is a park close by where are swings and see-saws, and peep shows, and jugglers, and all manner of entertainments. Asakusa holds a perpetual fair-day all the year round.

Very different is the Shinto temple on the Kudan, one of the highest points in Tokyo, as Asakusa is one of the lowest; situated in the midst of the aristocratic portion, while Asakusa is one of the poorest districts; standing in a beautiful little park of cherry

trees, with nothing to mar its quiet dignity. The temple stands in front of an older shrine, and was built in 1869, and then and since used for special services in memory of those who have died for the empire. A great bronze torii stands at the entrance, one of the least beautiful, unfortunately, its proportions being badly planned. The plain wooden temple within, with its wide curving roof, is stately and beautiful; and it is not a little touching to watch the visitors there, many of whom must have relatives whose names are written within the shrine; and many, today, must think of those who have gone out to fight for Japan. Close by is a museum, where are kept old arms and armor, and trophies of the Chinese war in 1894-95, and now, a Russian flag or two and fragments of ships from Port Arthur and Chemulpo. It is sad to think how many names must be added, almost certainly before this year is out, to the roll of honor in this Westminster of new Japan.



WELL AT TOMBS OF THE FORTY-SEVEN RONIN, TOKYO

THE PROVINCES



TOURISTS sometimes complain that Japan is spoiled, modernized out of its old picturesqueness; and so it is, in a way. Foreign dress, that is to say coat and trousers, is the rule for men in all government offices, and they no longer make calls, as in Orthodocia's day, in silk hats and with bathing towels round their throats. But women and girls still wear the graceful long sleeves and bright fold of collar inside the V-shaped neck of the kimono, and the kilted *hakama* or skirt is just the addition needed to make the national dress practical for modern active life. Originally planned for school girls, the *hakama* has come to stay, not as a house but a street dress. Then it is true the Tokyo *jirikisha* man has put off his mushroom hat, and usually wears some kind of cap or soft felt which he has acquired at the second-hand shop; and the straw rain cloak and red blanket seldom come to town. But go a little way into the country, back from the railroads, and all is primitive enough still. A friend of mine who lives in the old castle town of Mito, sixty miles north of Tokyo, declares that life there is ten years behind the capital. But, the tourist must not go off the track and expect to find travel comfortable; if he wants to plunge into the country, he must say goodbye to beds and beefsteaks, and be content with country inns and country ways.

If he takes a guide to feed him, he may do very well; for in most parts of Japan the inns are uncommonly good, even off the line of regular travel. Part of the secret is that they inherit traditions of the old times when they were, indeed, on the line of the daimyos' travel as they came to and from Yedo; and the old ways have not been altogether lost.

In such a house there is no furniture, in our sense of the word; the floor is covered with straw mats two inches thick, each three feet by six, and fitting all over the space, which is made in proportions of six, eight,

ten, fifteen mats, and so on; paper sliding screens make the windows, running all along one or more sides of the room, and opening on a three-foot balcony which in turn is closed at night by wooden shutters sliding in a groove along the outer edge. The rooms are divided from each other by more sliding screens covered with thick paper, and only the end walls of the house are solidly filled in with plaster. They provide thin square cushions to sit on, your feet folded under you, precisely as the "Egyptian Slave" sits in the famous statue; and probably there will be a table ten inches high, and of course a *hibachi* or firepot containing a charcoal fire, on which a kettle sings pleasantly. Your bed is brought from a closet, and consists of one or more quilts spread on the floor, another particularly fat and heavy one atop. There may be sheets, but you do well to bring your own, likewise your pillow, if you do not like a hard sausage. Now, however, only the most remote country inns fail to offer two or three chairs and perhaps a table. If they are careful about their mats, the chairs will be put in the wooden balcony and not in the room. The bathroom is down stairs, removed in some courtyard reached through interminable corridors; and it is well to know that you have the first turn of the tub, and also to remember to scrub yourself well before getting into the hot water, since others will surely follow you. Bathing generally takes place in the afternoon or at night; in the morning you are expected to dress and descend to the wash-room, which is very often a corridor opening on a court, where you can enjoy (as I did this morning) a budding cherry tree, or a bunch of scarlet *nanten* berries against a bit of bamboo fence. On the other hand, there is no public dining-room, with its requirements of toilet and contact with fellow guests, agreeable or otherwise; your meal comes to your room, and is served in dainty bowls and flat dishes, with chop-sticks, which in Japanese have the far prettier name of *hashi*.

The staple of course is rice, and that is brought in a wooden tub, to keep hot, and the little maid sits by to fill your bowl two or three times if you wish. The soup is in a lacquered bowl, and is made of fish fresh or dried; the morning dish is *miso*, soup made of fermented beans; very wholesome, very nourishing, and very different from anything to be found in western experience. The soup, and the vegetables found therein, should be eaten with rice and the fish or omelette or whatever the chief dish may be and the pickles too, if you have courage to attack them. Tea comes after the meal, or before, or in fact at any moment except along with it, and cakes seem appropriate at any and every time in the day.

The railroads very naturally have followed the old highways wherever they could. We came up from the south by the Tokaido; we go north from Tokyo by the road which the Tokugawa built from Yedo to the tombs of their great ancestor Ieyasu at Nikko, the

in the island, running up for miles above the head of the bay; the mountains are in sight far away on either side, and the fields stretch on toward them, green and brown and yellow with crops, or lying deep



CARVING ON DOOR, NIKKO



CRYPTOMERIA AVENUE, NIKKO

one place, after Tokyo and Kyoto, which even the most hurried tourist must not miss.

North of Tokyo lies a plain, the largest

in water for the young rice to push up through. Here and there are thatched villages like those on the Tokaido, and groups of trees on some little mound mark a simple shrine, perhaps to Inari Sama the fox god, guardian of the fields. By and by the hills draw nearer; Tsukuba San rises on the right, and on the left the graceful peaks of the Nikko range. And now, at the old town of Utsunomiya, you turn away from the main line north, and follow the old highway, which for twenty miles into the mountains still keeps its beautiful avenue of cryptomerias unspoiled. It is quite possible to come up the rest of the way by kuruma, but few of us take the trouble; it is far easier to stay in the train and admire the mast-like trunks and thick branches from the car window, and reach Nikko in time for four o'clock tea.

The sacredness of the spot was discovered

by a very early Buddhist saint, who saw the peaks in a vision, and sought until he found them. Not only Nikko, but the mountain above was sacred, Nantaizan, which is still a place of pious pilgrimage. By the fifteenth century there was an important monastery on the far bank of the river, and the abbot was a friend of Tokugawa Ieyasu and may well have helped to decide the shogun to choose this as his final resting place. Here then his son built a series of magnificent mortuary chapels, and hither the great shogun's body was brought two years after his death, and buried far up the hillside among the cryptomerias.

In truth these giant cryptomerias, so like our California redwoods, are as much a part of Nikko as the temples. The place is a wild mountainside, rising over the narrow valley of the Daiyagawa; around, above and below is the forest, and up the valley among lesser peaks towers Nantaizan. On this steep hillside, as if in a park, stand the noble trees, so close together and so high and thick that the sunlight rarely strikes their trunks, and the shade under them is like the gloom of a cathedral. And the temples stand among and under them, on terraces faced with heavy stone walls, rising one behind another; not grouped regularly, but fitting in as it were to the lines of the hill. The immense roofs are of black tiles, the beams dull red lacquer, and the ends of the beams, the doorways, the spaces under the eaves, in a word every available surface, is carved all over with dragons and strange beasts, and monkeys and squirrels playing among branches of plum or pine, and birds and flowers, all in the most gorgeous colors, yet all so toned under the shadow of the eaves and the twilight of the trees that the effect is soft and rich instead of glaring. The interiors are matted, and you put off your shoes as on entering a Japanese house, or cover them with socks which the guardian has ready. They are not halls of assembly, but shrines, where the priests officiate at suitable hours; and except in the farthest chapel the gorgeous implements of Buddhist

worship are still in place, the brass lamps and vases and brass and silver lotus plants, the lacquer drums and reading stands and altar draperies. The perfume of incense is all pervading, and very pleasant, in these open rooms and mingled with the scent of the pines outside.

The principal buildings are the temple of Ieyasu's patron saint, and the group of three chapels—if we may call them so—dedicated to Ieyasu himself under his beatified name of Gongen Sama. You enter the first court under a noble granite torii; a second bronze torii stands in the center of the space, still bearing the Tokugawa crest in gold—three heart-shaped leaves in a circle. To the left is a high red pagoda, of the characteristic Chinese form, with five balconies, their roofs turning up at the corners. The "gate of the two kings" leads to the next court, but the figures of the guardian demons have been removed to another temple. In this first court are the treasury buildings, where are kept the beautiful vestments and utensils, and the stable of the sacred horse, whose business it is to draw the temple car at festivals. A few years ago—perhaps still—the occupant of the stable was the horse ridden by Prince Kita-Shirakawa, cousin of the emperor, who commanded the Japanese army in Formosa in 1895, and died there of fever a little before the close of the war. On the stable is the famous carved frieze of monkeys playing, one of whom covers his eyes with his hands, another his ears, and the third his mouth—"I must see nothing, hear nothing, say nothing evil." Beyond is the library for the Buddhist scriptures, and the cistern for the hands, a splendid block of granite, so skilfully cut that the water runs over it on all sides at once.

The chapel of St. Yakushi is on the next terrace, and before it stand the bell tower and drum tower, roofed pedestals merely; also two fine bronze open work lanterns some twenty feet high, one of which revolves on its base. Beyond this court is a kind of cloister enclosed by a roofed wooden palisade, the panels of which are carved with birds and

plants, life-sized and colored, marvels of the decorator's art. Still more beautiful is the white and gold gate by which we enter the cloister, with carved lions on the beams, and pillars exquisitely carved with geometrical patterns in low relief; one of these has the pattern upside down, lest the whole being too perfect should bring ill luck to the Tokugawa house. The so-called "Chinese gate" to the next court is only less beautiful and elaborate, and the state apartments in Ieyasu's temple beyond are full of bold carvings and paintings, that leave one amazed at the wealth of detail, which yet does not intrude, the lavishness and yet restraint of it all. It is the crowning effort of Tokugawa art; what followed was less controlled, more given to mere splendor, as in the temples at Shiba in Tokyo.

The other group of Nikko temples, however, show little of this change; they were built only fifty years later, in the same style, and dedicated to Ieyasu's grandson Iemitsu. Then there is yet another temple to the three gods of Nantaizan, who were really original Shinto deities, but were adopted by the convenient method of considering them manifestations of Buddha. They are looked upon as guardians of the whole nation. The hall of the old monastery is interesting also, though far less splendid than the temples. In striking contrast to them all are the tombs of the two shoguns; they are small mausoleums of the plainest bronze, standing each alone far up the hillside, on its small stone terrace. The hero's life and his great deeds are commemorated below; his decaying body needed only a peaceful resting place.

Throngs of pilgrims come all summer to the shrines, and far into the autumn, when the mountains are ablaze with maples. The temples are not the only charm; to the many foreigners who summer at Nikko, the rushing Daiyagawa is a constant delight, and so are the many waterfalls, and the walks among the mountain paths. One feature of the place is gone now, the famous Red Bridge, which only members of the imperial family might cross. Among the

honors offered to General Grant was an invitation to walk over the bridge; an invitation which he declined, to his own and his people's honor. The bridge was built of enormous beams resting on stone supports on either bank—supports fashioned like the uprights and cross-pieces of a wooden structure. All the wood was painted with dull red lacquer like the temples. Two years ago the river rose in an autumn flood, and carried away both this and the ordinary wooden bridge below by which the public crossed.

Seven miles farther into the mountains at the foot of sacred Nantaizan, lies Lake Chuzenji, favorite resort of the diplomatic corps and many other Europeans and Anglo-Saxons. It is a beautiful piece of water, three miles wide and eight long,—more beautiful perhaps than Biwa or Hakone, but less known and sung by Japanese poets. The road to Chuzenji follows the gorge of the Daiyagawa, passing the charming formal garden called Dainichi Do, and the curious "Hundred Gods"—moss-grown stone images of Amida which line the right bank of the river for a quarter of a mile. Beyond this the gorge grows narrower, and the path clings at times on the edge of the cliff; some three miles up it leaves the Daiyagawa, and follows another little river issuing from Lake Chuzenji. The road is narrow and not particularly good at the best of times, and after the summer rains it is often almost impassable, even for the *kago* bearers, or the shaggy hard-mouthed ponies which are the best mounts to be found. The pilgrims of course go afoot, and refresh themselves after their climb with a soak at the hot springs of Yumoto on the lake.

Chuzenji is four thousand feet high, and the air there is bracing and very delightful; but it has one drawback in a very heavy rainfall. Indeed, Nikko and Chuzenji share with Hakone the reputation of having the rainiest summers in all rainy Japan. And this is undoubtedly the reason why large numbers of foreigners flock to Karuizawa, which boasts an equally vigorous air and less wet.



JAPANESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



JAPANESE MARRIAGE

Bride at the left of photograph, groom at the right, go-betweens in center.



GIRLS PLAYING KONKONCHIKI GAME

The little bowl of water must be snatched through the loose knot before the hand is caught.



PREPARING DINNER IN JAPANESE KITCHEN

Charcoal stove or habachi in center.

This is a high valley, a moor almost, surrounded by rolling hills, and dominated by the long rounded back of Asama five miles away. All good walkers climb Asama; there is just enough risk to be fascinating, for Asama is a volcano only half asleep, and



NURSE GIRL ON DUTY

smoking a little most of the time. Four centuries ago the valley was covered with fertile rice fields; then the mountain sent out showers of ashes that buried everything two feet deep, choked the little river which irrigated the fields, and turned the whole region into a wilderness overgrown with knot-grass. It is a wilderness still, but the wild vines and bushes have spread all over it, and the flowers in early summer are a wonderful sight. The great white lilies with golden stamens have been nearly all rooted out, but one may still find them in

out of the way corners of the hills, and there are a half dozen other varieties of lilies, and orchids, and splendid purple campanulas, and many of the flowers of our own meadows. Indeed the whole aspect of these open hills is far more American than Japanese, and I suspect that is part of the attraction to those who, with the best will in the world toward Japan, are always just a little homesick. Then, too, for those missionaries who spend ten months of the year among people of another race and tongue, it is much to be in a colony of their own kind. Japanese are very few in Karuizawa; the natives of the village are only a small number of a very low type, and no others come except to supply the needs of the foreign body during the summer.

The Japanese resort of this section is Ikao, a place famous for its hot sulphur and iron springs; it is perched high up in the mountains, and reached by a long and rather hard jinrikisha ride from a branch railroad. The baths of Ikao are very hot and strong, but a few miles farther in there is another spring yet stronger and hotter, much resorted to for rheumatism and skin diseases. Hot springs are found almost everywhere in Japan; it seems as if the earth's crust must be much thinner here than in other countries.

Karuizawa is directly on the line of the old Nakasendo, or interior road, which used to go from Yedo across and down to Kyoto. The railroad follows the road in general direction, but climbs through many tunnels, and across deep ravines, and by loose slopes stayed up with stone facings; altogether it is a piece of engineering to be proud of. Karuizawa is a few hundred feet below the highest point; here the Nakasendo turns south, and the railroad follows another road, climbing down again to Niigata on the west coast. The Nakasendo is kept in good condition, and it makes a very interesting journey to follow it through the mountains and over to the headwaters of the Kiso River, and along that to the plain by the Eastern sea, and down to Gifu on the Tokaido. In many places the road is steep and hilly, and

at times it is needful to walk, but the wild beauty of the region is worth a little trouble.

Niigata was one of the five open ports under the old treaties. It is a place of call for coasting steamers, but the harbor is too poor and the country back too unproductive to make it a point of very great value. It is a dreary coast, flat and uninteresting, burning hot in summer and in winter exposed to the bitter continental winds that sweep across the Sea of Japan. Back in the mountains the snowfall is tremendous, drifts twenty and even thirty feet deep blocking the streets and almost burying the low houses. The people live chiefly by fishing, as indeed the coast population do all around the islands, and the best possession of the region is the oil in the mountains, which has been used so far to only a small part of its probable value. American oil is still the best and the most sold in Japan; the square five-gallon tins have a new use in Tokyo—their bottoms are turned into roof tiles!

The west coast a little farther south than Niigata is much better; here were three rich provinces, mountainous indeed in parts, but well watered by many streams, and bearing much rice. Kanazawa in Kaga remains the chief city on this side of the island, they still make there the famous red Kutani ware which is Kaga's specialty. This part of the country is easily reached by rail from Kyoto, and is quite a missionary stronghold.

When the daimyo gave up their provinces, the empire was divided over again into seventy-two *ken* or prefectures—less than a third of the number of the old divisions. Each prefecture has a governor appointed by the central government, and a local assembly elected by the citizens; its rulings have to be confirmed by the governor before they become law. Tokyo, Osaka and Kyoto rank as *fu* cities, and each has its own local administration.

In the old days each province had to be as far as possible self-supporting, and accordingly all raised more or less successfully the rice, millet, beans, silk and cotton which were necessities of life. In the mountain

districts rice growing was almost impossible and it was the food of the wealthy, or of the sick and aged; millet took its place, and barley. The rice fields in some of the narrow valleys are pathetic, they are so tiny, and they must be terraced and diked so carefully for fear of being washed down hill by every storm. Even when the crop is a "dry" one—wheat, millet or the like—its field is nearly always set as a terrace on the hillside: in spring the barley fields are like green scratches on the lower mountains. There are no fences between the fields anywhere; the ditch and dike make sufficient boundary, and then, there are no grazing cattle. Such cows and bullocks as there are are kept shut up, and the fodder is cut for them; and horses are never turned out. Plowing with bullocks is fairly



WITH MIRROR OF POLISHED STEEL SHE INSPECTS THE WORK OF THE HAIRDRESSER

frequent; but far the greater part of the field work is done by hand still, both men and women working in the deep mud. The soil is turned with a great hoe, and when the clods have dried a little they are broken up with a kind of hammer, and afterwards harrowed smooth. The rice is not sown where



HARROWING RICE FIELD

The field is flooded from seed time until the harvest.

it is to stay; a seed plot is planted, and when the stalks are well grown they are taken up one at a time, carried to new fields, and set out one by one a foot apart. This is the time when a delay in the rains is so grievous to the farmer, for he wants the young stalks to stand in several inches of water. The streams and rivers are all utilized, and Japan is literally a land of streams, though naturally there are no very great rivers; the coast is too near. The largest start within a very few miles of each other in the central mass of mountains almost directly east of Tokyo; one goes into the Sea of Japan, another south to Owari Bay, and the third curves in a semicircle and gets into the Bay of Tokyo. Rising as they do in the mountains, their behavior is very uncertain, and they need much careful banking up to keep them from breaking out

at times and flooding half a province. Indeed, it is an unusual year when some part of the country is not more or less flooded.

In the hilly country, two industries come to help agriculture; namely, silk raising and lacquer. To name only one district, the villages along the Nakasendo have gained much by modern improvements in silk raising. The lacquer tree may possibly have been imported from China, as so many other trees and plants were, but it certainly was known and used in Japan at a very early period. We are used to thinking of it as ornament only; it is that, and much more besides, for plain lacquer bowls and trays are almost necessities of daily life. They raise most of what is used in certain provinces, but Tokyo imports a good deal of juice to be manufactured there. The tree



HULLING RICE

is a species of rhus, closely allied to our poison ivy, and having the same power to produce an irritating rash on the skin; the workers get over this however and do not have it again, but they say that people sometimes get it from handling bowls or trays which have not been dried long enough. To get the sap the farmer cuts a notch in the side of each tree, and after a time a thick juice oozes out; then the farmer goes around with a wooden spatula gathering the drops into a pail. It will keep for a long while, but must not be allowed to dry up, nor to be heated above a certain point, for it contains a peculiar acid which causes the juice to ferment and harden. The pieces that have been varnished must therefore be dried in mild and moist air; Tokyo in August is usually just right, about 87° . A good piece of lacquer has to be most carefully made in the first place, and then varnished with layer after layer, each layer being dried and polished before the next

goes on. Certain pigments mixed with it give red, black or green; to apply gold, a wash of varnish is laid where the design is to be, and the gold powder sprinkled on from a hollow bamboo stick with a fine sieve over the end; when it is dry it must be revarnished and repolished over all. With all these repeated processes, a fine piece may be on hand for months, even years; naturally this is not the kind that is prepared for foreign export, for people abroad will not pay for it.

The silk mulberry is seldom grown high as in Italy; most often it is only a couple of feet, and trimmed into shape like a small bush. In other ways the silk raising is nearly the same; and as in Italy it is largely an industry for the women and children. In many districts nearly every house has a dry light room or a detached cottage for the worms, and the round-faced country girls and bent grandmothers watch over them most carefully. Thanks to better methods, both

quality and quantity have improved greatly of late years and many regions are prosperous which would otherwise have little chance. Cottage weaving, unfortunately, is rapidly giving place to mill work; large numbers of girls are employed in the factories of Tokyo and Osaka, under far from satisfactory conditions; the hours are much too long, and many arrangements need correction.

So far we have kept to the central part of Hondo, where in truth there is far the most interest for the ordinary traveler; but it is time to have at least a look at the northern portion.

Utsunomiya, the junction for Nikko, is a natural boundary; beyond this the country changes perceptibly, the fields are less rich and universally well worked, and the villages look poorly kept, and the thatch not often renewed, as it must be if the house is not to get out of repair. It is marvelous how soon the golden green moss roots upon the thatch, making it perfectly delightful for the artist but not always comfortable for the owner.

Sendai, the chief city north of Tokyo, is a most flourishing place, priding itself on the modern, progressive quality of its ideas. It is the headquarters for one of the seven divisions of the army, and its soldiers have a good reputation for physical vigor. Indeed, it was comforting to see the good condition of the soldiers generally, as they gathered before starting for Korea in the winter of 1903-04; good food and exercise showed their effect. And it was encouraging too to hear that after all the rough shaggy little Japanese ponies were likely to bear a Manchurian campaign better than nobler animals could do; they are used to hard treatment and poor food, as one well believes when one sees them plodding along the country roads.

There is not much to see in Sendai; one rather fine temple, with some interesting relics of the earlier members of the Date family, daimyo of the province, who made the place important from Ieyasu's day onward. But if one has time, it is well

worth while to come this far for the sake of visiting Matsushima.

Everybody knows how a Japanese landscape looks in a Japanese picture, and how Japanese dwarf pine trees grow at all manner of strange and picturesque angles; here at the "pine islands" we can see the whole thing in its original, typical condition, grotesque, fantastic, but always beautiful, as growing things must be when they have conquered the natural forces that war against them. You go by train half an hour to a little station on the shore, called Shiogama, and there engage a little roofed boat oddly like those on the Italian lakes, for the four or five hours' row to the islands. If the wind is good, the men will put up a mast and spread a square sail made of vertical strips of canvas or perhaps mat, and smoke comfortably while you slip in and out among the rocks and islets, or around the sharp turns of the shore. The soft volcanic rock is worn into the most weird shapes, and on every islet there are pines, leaning over the water, thrusting out long arms as if they knew precisely how to be most effective. For centuries they have stood so, to the delight of Japanese poets, and one feels that they must have had no little influence on the canons of Japanese art.

Matsushima itself is a tiny place, containing at least one good inn, and a fine temple beautified by the Date family. It is possible to go across from here to Oginohama, a little port on the other side of an open bay, with a fairly good harbor; the coasting steamers stop here on their way north. Oginohama is a good deal protected by the mountain island Kinkazan, which is the first land you see on approaching the coast from Vancouver or the northern ports. It is a sacred island, one of the many holy places in the land. In old times women were not merely forbidden to visit it, tradition says they might not even look that way!

Persimmons are a special crop around Sendai, the great golden persimmons they grow so much in California now. A little farther north they grow excellent grapes on the mountain slopes inland, and the apples

begin to be good. From here northward the country grows more wild and desolate, less capable of cultivation, at least under present conditions. The railroad still follows an old highway, and has to climb a considerable grade to the highest point on one little river, and then over a pass and down the narrow valley of another stream. Everywhere the mountains are in sight on the left, and you feel the sea though you cannot see it, where it lies from twenty to fifty miles to the east across a rugged broken country. It was along this wild coast, broken into deep coves and rocky bays, that the great tidal wave of 1896 swept with such terrible force, drowning whole villages and crushing the poor little houses like straw. When the Red Cross Society and other agencies tried to reach the people with help, it was found that there were almost no roads, and the means of communication with the outer world was by boat around the shore. When the papers were given out entitling them to relief, many raised the slip reverently to their foreheads, and sent a message of thanks to the lord of Nambu, whom they still supposed to be their master, though he had

ceased to be their over-lord twenty-five years before.

Morioka was the castle town of this region, and it is a place of some importance still; so too is Hirosaki, former capital of the most northern province and now a garrison town. Both are far more attractive in appearance than the modern Aomori, at the very top of the island, which owes its existence to the fact that it is a harbor for the boats that cross to Yezo, or the Hokkaido, as it is generally called. A forlorn looking little town is Aomori, bare and wind-swept, its empty streets far too wide for the small low houses that line them. The flat shingled roofs are covered with stones—whether in case of fires, or to keep them from blowing away, I never learned—and all have glass storm-shutters overlapping at the edges, to keep out the wind and snow. Shops along the street have even a kind of arcade over the sidewalk, which can be closed in with glass in the winter. Happily it is not needful to stay there long; the train from the south arrives in the afternoon, and at night the steamer starts for the eight hours' trip to Hakodate.



THE HOKKAIDO, AND BACK TO KOBE



THE Hokkaido is in the fullest sense new Japan; for it has been developed only during the last thirty-five years, and for many reasons western influence has been stronger there than anywhere else in the empire. At the beginning of Meiji almost the whole of Yezo was virgin wilderness, covered with dense forests and inhabited only by grizzly bears and their worshipers, the Ainu aborigines. Now it contains 700,000 people, and grows steadily in spite of its rival colony, Formosa; but, even yet, a large part of the mountainous interior is still untouched.

Yezo lies in almost the same latitude as the state of New York, but is less cold, on account of the surrounding seas; the south coast feels the effect of the Black Current, though not much. Like all the rest of Japan, the whole island is very mountainous; the only large space of level country is the plain of Sapporo, which is some thirty miles wide and fifty long, and goes quite across the island from the Sea of Japan to the Pacific. The Ishikari River comes down a wide valley to the north, and with its many tributaries waters the plain most abundantly; almost too much so, indeed, for there is a great deal of swampy land along the rivers, and when the settlers first cut down the trees and begin to plant and drain they suffer severely from chills and fever. Near the northern end of this plain the colonial authorities placed the capital, Sapporo, cutting out a place for it from the midst of the forest.

The region to the southwest of Sapporo is shaped very much like the tail of a boy's kite, and the mountains fill it almost entirely, ending in great cliffs on the shore of the strait which cuts Yezo from the main island. This strait is exceedingly deep, and it is remarkable that the plants as well as the animals of Yezo are cut off as it were by this gulf, and are much more like those of the continent than of the island which seems so much nearer. There are no monkeys in the north, nor pheasants, and no grizzlies have

ever been known south of the strait, though there were smaller bears not so very long ago. The east coast is exceedingly foggy; at some seasons vessels must wait for days outside the harbors of Kushiro and Nemuro before they can see to enter. Hakodate on the strait is more fortunate, and it has an excellent harbor; one cannot wonder that the whalers coveted it as a port of call when they began to explore the Smoky Seas.

The Kuriles, or Great Smoky Islands, are classed with Yezo for administrative purposes, but they are scarcely inhabited and of little value. Russia granted them to Japan—at least that part of them to which she had any sort of claim—in 1875, when Japan gave up—since she was not ready to fight for it—her claim to the southern part of Saghalien. The Russian sealers had already destroyed all the fur-bearing animals on the Kuriles, but Saghalien they wanted, and they elbowed Japan out in their usual manner. It is one of the many scores she is trying to settle. An interesting part of the arrangement about Saghalien was that there were a considerable number of Ainu there, who were nominally at least Japanese subjects, and the government removed them and settled them along the Ishikari River. They are said to have been very homesick, and not at all content to exchange their ocean for a river, however full of salmon and other good fish it might be.

Among the interesting features of the Hokkaido the Ainu probably stand first. Not that one longs to come into close contact with them—those missionaries surely deserve all praise who have gone among them and borne with their dirt and stupidity—but they are still a primitive people, and retain many if not all of their original ways. Then, they are a delightful puzzle for the anthropologists, for nobody can quite determine who they are or where they came from. It is quite certain that they once inhabited the whole of Japan; they were driven from the Yamato district in almost historical times, and they were in

Northern Hondo quite into the middle ages. Physically their type is quite distinct from the Japanese, far more distinct than the Japanese type from Korean or even Chinese. They are not very tall, but thick-set where the Japanese are slender; their faces are round, and their eyes straight, the brows not high and arched as are Japanese eyebrows; and most striking of all, instead of being almost beardless, they are truly the "hairy" Ainu—long bearded, and hairy on the back as well as the chest and limbs. They are rather fine-looking, and the younger women would be decidedly pretty, if they did not tattoo a great mustache across the lips and cheeks, and another pair of marks on the forehead. The Japanese custom of blacking the teeth after marriage—which women still do in the country—is nothing to this form of decoration.

In habits and mental qualities the difference is equally marked. Even Japanese coolies delight in the tub, and do not wear soiled clothes if they can get clean ones; the Ainu abhors water, and does not even wash his plate or rather wooden trencher; he contents himself with wiping it off, and the result is that his dishes soon get the fine dull black of Irish bog oak! Good natured they are, but slow and dull, almost incapable of being roused even after years of patient schooling. It is not strange that the stronger race has driven them back, nor that they are dying out in spite of the care the government now tries to give them. The settlers have spoiled some of their best hunting grounds; fish are scarcer than they used to be, and raising crops is little to an Ainu's taste. Worse still, they will sell anything they possess to get *sake*, and every year fewer of them have anything left to sell.

Yet at some time they must have been fierce warriors, for till the eleventh century and perhaps later they gave the Japanese plenty of trouble. Near Mororan on Volcano Bay there is said to be a place where you can find great numbers of flint arrow heads, and apparently at some time there must have been a great battle fought here, perhaps between two hairy tribes. To the

present day they use short bows for their hunting, but they are no longer allowed to set snares with poisoned arrows, as they used to do for deer or bear. Where bears are concerned they are brave enough still; they will go out in a party and rouse a grizzly from his den, and kill him with arrows or knives. If possible, they will get a cub and cage him alive, taking good care of him till



AINU WOMAN

such time as the village can afford enough sake for a feast.

Then there will be great preparations. The chiefs put on crowns of willow shavings, more shavings wreath the sake cups and the bow and knife with which the unlucky cub is to be killed; he is let out of the cage, set upon and slain, and afterwards addressed as a god praised and prayed to. In due time his skull will adorn the "sacred hedge," which is a rough fence of sticks set up at the east end of the house. The flesh is cooked and eaten, and the elders sit solemnly in rows, each man with a lacquered wooden bowl of sake, and a flat stick across the bowl, rather like a paper knife. The stick is a "mustache lifter," with it he ceremoniously lifts his mustache, and gravely drinks, as many times as he can get his cup filled, till the sake runs out, or he falls sweetly asleep.

Women are not allowed to share in these feasts, nor indeed to have any part in men's doings; they are not even allowed any religion, a wife must not speak to her husband till he gives her permission, and altogether she has to be even meeker than the old-fashioned Japanese woman with her "three obediences."

The Ainu have no temples and no images; when they want to worship, they make an *inao* and stick it in the ground and pray before it. An *inao* is a stick two or three feet long, stripped of its bark, and whittled towards the top so that a tassel of curled shavings hangs down all around. The east end of the house is the sacred portion, and there the Ainu sets up his *inao* to worship the god of the household.

Ainu housekeeping is a simple affair. The house itself is a rude framework of poles, thatched with bundles of straw, and the sides also are made of straw, rather like a haystack. There is a window on the east side, toward the sacred hedge, and another window and the door on the south; a vent in the top lets out at least part of the smoke from the fire burning in the middle of the earthen floor, over which hangs the family pot suspended by a wooden hook and links also cut out of wood, no doubt an imitation of a Japanese iron chain. The Ainu are very skilful carvers; their dishes and bowls are all cut out of wood, and their knife and sword handles and sheathes, their trays, mustache knives—in fact nearly everything they use is carved with flat conventional patterns, among which the double spiral figures largely.

Weaving is almost their only other industry. The women take the inside fiber of the bark of a certain kind of elm, and treat it like flax, soaking and beating it out; from this they make a close, rather stiff, cloth which is almost waterproof. A chief's dress is decorated with strips of Japanese blue cotton cloth stitched on with white thread; in patterns which differ with the different villages, but are alike in general type—and somehow suggest the dress of blue cotton stamped with white ideographs, worn so

often by Japanese laborers. The Ainu dress is shaped rather like a Japanese kimono, but the sleeves are tighter and the skirt shorter, and the women's sashes are much smaller affairs than the Japanese *obi*. Besides elm bark cloth, the women make straw matting, weaving in strips of the bark in basket-work patterns which are very effective. These mats are not for the floor, but for the wooden shelf against the wall on which the Ainu sleeps. According to Henry Savage Landor, your really primitive Ainu hunter of the north shore sleeps in the open, squatting with his knees drawn up and his back to a rock or tree. Their food is largely fish, dried for the long cold winters; and they also dry a kind of millet dough in cakes. Meat—deer, bear, birds and rabbits—they eat when they can get it. The fish is simply dried, not smoked or salted, and an Ainu village is perceptible afar off.

There are a number of Ainu villages around the shore of Volcano Bay, the wide curve that almost cuts the tail of the kite from the body. These are the Ainu whom travelers are most likely to see, since they are quite near the railroad; but they are naturally less primitive than those who live in the out of the way corners of the northern part of the island. Some of these Mororan Ainu have taken up land as individuals, and all of them wear Japanese dress if they can get it. The pioneer missionary to the Ainu is the Rev. John Batchelor of the Church of England, who for years has labored among them, going out from his home in Sapporo to visit their villages, writing down their language and translating the Bible and hymnal into it, and caring for their sick at his "rest house," as he calls the little dwelling in their own style that he has built for them in his garden. Others have worked from Hakodate, and up the Ishikari River; and they are enthusiastic, as all good missionaries should be, over the possibilities for good in their slow-witted charges.

The opening of the Hokkaido is an interesting chapter in the history of modern Japan. In 1868, when the Tokugawa clan



AINU, JAPANESE ABORIGINES

yielded Tokyo to the imperial army, one of the conditions was that if the city was spared the fleet of a few vessels belonging to the clans should be given up to the government. But the officers in charge took it upon themselves to sail away with the ships, hoping that a stand would be made farther north—as indeed it was—and that by going to Sendai, which was friendly to the ex-shogun, they could join forces with the rebellious clans. But the imperial army came north too fast, and besieged Aizu castle, and starved it out in three months; and the fleet went on to Hakodate, where the consuls of the foreign powers were distinctly friendly to the ex-shogun; and not unnaturally, for it had been the Imperialists that opposed the opening of the country, and the foreigners could not realize how far this opposition was a matter of politics. On the other hand the hope of the clan retainers was to found in this wild north a new province, where the samurai made masterless by the fall of the shogun could find worthy service, and the Tokugawa house might redeem its fortunes.

At that time Hakodate was hardly more than a village on a good natural harbor; the one castle town was at the other end of

the strait which divides the two islands, and the daimyo to whom Yezo belonged ruled over this and a few fishing hamlets. Then as now great numbers of fishermen came to Yezo for the summer, as the men of Gloucester go to the Banks; of the interior no one knew much, except that it was snow-covered almost from November till April. Hakodate itself lies at the foot of a volcanic mountain rising out of the sea to a sharp peak 1,500 feet high; but for a flat connecting strip half a mile wide, the mountain would be an island. The runaway generals fortified the harbor side of the mountain, trusting to the steep cliffs towards the sea; but an imperial army landed on the far side and marched over the Peak, absolutely commanding the fort; and the generals surrendered, and were soon forgiven for what was after all only a mistaken loyalty.

But the masterless samurai still remained, a heavy burden on the minds of those in power; and the scheme of using Yezo as an outlet for their energies came up again and this time was tried. The government was in the midst of its experiments in reconstruction, and thought, with good reason, that the Hokkaido was an excellent place to



HARBOR OF HAKODATE

try new things, both because it was out of the way, and altogether new and free from prejudice, and because being like America in climate it would lend itself better to American methods of farming. They borrowed General Horace Capron, of the United States Agricultural Department, and gave him the task of laying out roads and superintending a geological survey; the capital, Sapporo, was already started, on the rectangular plan, with wide streets. It might have been a most beautiful city, if only the workmen sent ahead had spared the elms and maples of the primeval forest; but through a misunderstanding of the orders the whole space was carefully cleared. The nobleman in charge of the colony—it was Count Kuroda, the same who held Hakodate against the imperial force—was not a patient man, and his wrath was tremendous; but it was "*shikata ga nai*," nothing to be done, as the Japanese saying is.

The climate of the north compels some modification of Japanese ways; coal or wood fires are a necessity, and glazed windows in

at least part of every house, and shingled roofs steeper pitched to shed the snow. And in the gardens there are apple and pear trees, and small fruit, and many flowers and vegetables of our New England gardens. Outside the town there are fields with haystacks and ricks of corn, instead of rice drying in bundles on the trees by the road, and there are real fences, and cows and horses behind them, and altogether if you were dropped there from a balloon you would probably wonder which of our eastern states you had lit upon.

Much of this American impress was given by the first president of the college started here not long after the opening of the colony, and by the New England men who taught there in the earlier years. General Capron had started an experiment farm and an agricultural school; this Dr. Clark and his staff of young Americans organized into a college, which today is below the University only in the number of its courses and not in their quality. Dr. Clark's influence—religious, moral and practical—was in

every way admirable, and it has been carried on by his pupils, several of whom are now professors in the college. The first American railway in the far East—those in the main islands are English—was laid in the Hokkaido between 1880 and 1882; it ran from Otaru, a fairly good harbor on the north coast, to some excellent coal mines twenty-five miles or so from Sapporo. It was forty-five miles long, and held the record as the cheapest railroad ever built. Sapporo felt its good influence, and Otaru did still more; the latter place now contains nearly forty thousand people, and small fortunes have been made from the rise in building lots. The coal of these mines is soft but of a good quality, much better than that which the ships take on in the south.

The tourist finds little for him in the north, unless he is a fisherman, in which case he should come in summer and go for salmon. The Hokkaido fisheries have been terribly abused until lately, when the government has vetoed the use of the young of valuable fish for manure. The take of herring on the north shore near Otaru is a wonderful sight. The fish are boiled down and the oil pressed out, and the refuse made into cakes and exported to the farmers of the south. Canning fish and oysters is a new industry that will no doubt increase as the demand for stronger and more varied food increases through the country. Already the Hokkaido people eat more meat than even the luxurious folks of modern Tokyo; the sharper climate makes one need it, and on the other hand, Hokkaido people are stronger than the people of the south. Japanese doctors and chemists are working earnestly on the problem of improving the nourishing quality of Japanese food without too much increase of expense; for improved it must be, if the people are to keep up with the rush of modern life. The army statistics for the last ten years prove what can be done; at the end of their first year's service—which is all that many of them do—the young men are found to have gained not only in weight but height.

Otaru is only about two days by steamer

from Vladivostok, and until the present war there has been much trade between the Russian port and Otaru and Hakodate. Naturally the Hokkaido is a good deal exposed to Russian attack, and their chief initial success was the sinking of a little Japanese passenger boat off Hakodate, in the first week after the Japanese victories at Chemulpo and Port Arthur. The alarm in Yezo was naturally considerable; troops were



THE PEAK FROM NEAR THE AMERICAN CONSULATE, HAKODATE

hurried to Hakodate, and for some days the passenger boats did not venture to cross to Aomori, and the island was cut off except by telegraph. It is said that few of the fishermen from the main island ventured to go up for the summer fisheries, and that there were reports concerning a great deal of distress in the northern provinces in consequence.

The railroad from Otaru runs on through Sapporo to Mororan on Volcano Bay, which is an important naval station. The bay is exceedingly beautiful, surrounded by mountains, two of which as the name implies are still active volcanoes. All the shore around Mororan is broken into bays and studded with islands, clothed with green almost to the water's edge; if it were not so far away from everything Mororan would surely be praised as one of the most beautiful places in Japan. A railroad will soon be finished from Hakodate to Mororan, but it has to go round Volcano Bay and through a mass of most difficult mountains, and meanwhile communication is by steamer,



STUDYING A LESSON

seven or eight hours through a very choppy bit of sea. The start from Mororan is at night, and in the morning you find yourself in the harbor of Hakodate, the green Peak towering above you, and the gray little town with its flat shingled roofs creeping up the side and spreading out along the strip that connects the mountain and the shore. A pleasant park on the right near the entrance of the harbor is all that is left of the forts which the Tokugawa tried to defend; instead, the military authorities have taken possession of the mountain itself, and the Peak is forbidden ground. It is not an imposing city, but very airy and clean, thanks to the steep streets and the abundant supply of excellent water from two reservoirs far up on the side of the mountain. The water is very necessary, not only for the town but for the motley craft that throng the harbor, especially in summer, whalers, sealing schooners, coasting steamers of two or three Japanese lines, among them the familiar black hull and funnels of the *Nippon Yusen Kaisha*; lumber schooners from

Oregon, sturdy Glasgow freighters, and tramps from all the seven seas, mingled, very likely, with stray gunboats of half a dozen powers. It is not strange that with all this mingling of sailor folk Hakodate streets are unquiet, and the Seamen's Mission finds plenty of work to its hand. Rough enough at any time, here the men feel they are at the back of beyond, and they let themselves go. It is "east of Suez," indeed, as well as far away north; another three days' sail would bring you to the dividing parallel, where east is west and west is east again.

Just to get the full force of contrast, let us take one of these neat two thousand ton coasting steamers lying in the harbor, and go directly back to the south.

Hakodate has no pier; rows of large sampans lie at the quay, and in one of these you must row out to your ship and climb aboard. The view looking back as you pass out of the harbor is very beautiful; the graceful lines of the mountain seem to sweep across the neck and be taken up beyond by

a chain of hills which go off into the blue peaks toward Volcano Bay. Coming out of the strait, with Esan smoking to the left, you see no more land for twenty-four hours, till you turn in by Kinkazan to Oginohama, where most of the steamers call to leave and take freight for Sendai and the central provinces; then on again to Yokohama, and twenty-four hours later with fresh loads of freight to Kobe, the home port of most of these coasting vessels.

Not only are we again in the south, among bamboo and occasional palmetto trees; we are in the region where Japanese civilization began, and from here southward we shall find the life of towns as well as country but little changed from the old days, at least as far as daily habits are concerned.

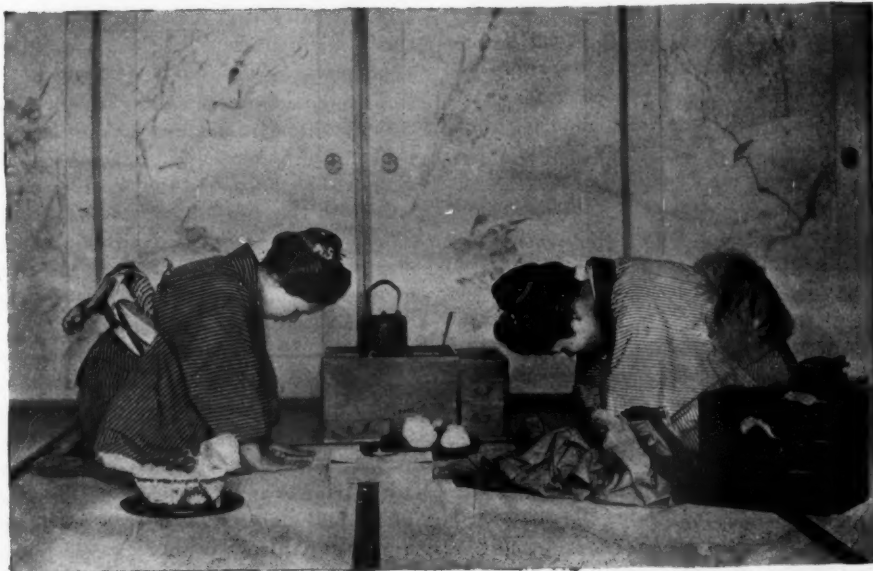
It is true that a railroad runs down through this southeastern part of Hondo, and that it is one of the best managed in Japan; true too that at Hiroshima, while I write, the soldiers of New Japan are gathering and embarking to face what they know must be a struggle for national existence; that on the shore of the strait of Shimonoseki, close to the spot where the Minamoto destroyed

the Taira, a coaling port is growing up which will soon rival Nagasaki. Along the line of the railroad and in the more important coast towns, the new life prevails to some extent; but back a little they still keep the New Year festival by the old lunar calendar, which throws the feast where it really should be, at the beginning of spring; the old harvest dances are still held, they say, in remote villages, and belief in fox possession, the value of charms and the like is quite unshaken. The older married women still black their teeth, and some of the older men shave their heads and do up the wisp on top after the old fashion.

The guileless farmer visiting town is fair game here as everywhere in the world. Here is one of the stories:

There was once a young farmer who was an exceedingly dutiful and devoted son; and when his father died he mourned for him deeply and spent much time caring for his grave.

Not long after, the young man went to Kyoto for a visit. It was the first time he had seen the city, and he found it very wonderful. The shops delighted him especially, and he walked slowly, examining



AFTERNOON TEA

everything he passed. Presently he came to a shop where there were a number of flat wooden boxes of the shape of a biwa—the Chinese lute which looks like a banjo. Of course they contained the polished metal mirrors, so like those the Etruscan ladies used on the other side of the world. The shop keeper, seeing his look of curiosity, lifted the lid of one of the boxes, and the farmer peeped in. Wonder of wonders! There, in the little box, was his father!—not a flat, hard portrait, but round faced and fresh colored; strong and well too, as he was before his sickness. The son smiled with delight; the father smiled back. His father there! The farmer determined to possess that box at any price, and timidly asked if it were for sale. The shop keeper said it was, and named a sum which seemed far too small for such a precious thing; clearly, he did not know its value, thought the farmer, and hastily closing the bargain he carried off the prize, and never rested till he was safe home again, and peeping in, satisfied himself that his beloved father was really there.

As there seemed to be something mysterious about the matter, he did not tell his wife, but put the box carefully away. Every day, however, he took out the box and said good morning to his father, and every night he told him all he had done during the day, taking pride in having daily a good account of his diligence. Thus he became very happy and prosperous.

However, his wife found out that he went twice a day and talked, as it seemed, to himself; and setting to work to find out what he did, she presently discovered the flat box. Cautiously she opened it, peeped in, and saw a young and pretty woman!

When her husband came home, there was great upbraiding. In vain the poor man vowed he had never seen the girl, that only his father was in the box; the wife wept so much that to pacify her he proposed to go to the convent and tell the tale to the lady abbess.

So said, so done. The abbess heard both sides, and then opened the box. In it there

was neither man nor girl, but a shaven nun!

"I see how it is," said the abbess. "This poor girl was so grieved to have brought trouble into your family, that she has taken vows. Now she must stay with me in the convent, and you must go home and stop your quarreling."

The honest farmer was greatly puzzled to know what had become of his father, but in truth he was thankful to get off so easily; and the wife being now satisfied, they lived very happily the rest of their days!

The name Inland Sea is one given by English map-makers; the Japanese speak of a series of straits, which they call by the names of the provinces on which they border, Bungo Nada, Suwo Nada and so on. Most beautiful reaches of water they are, seldom more than ten miles wide, edged by green cliffs and opal-tinted mountains, and strewn so full of rocky islands that in parts one marvels how a large ship can find her way through. The lower part of the main island forms the western side, and Shikoku the eastern, while Kyushiu blocks the lower end, and the pretty little island of Awaji, where the creator god and goddess descended from the bridge of heaven, lies right across the upper end.

The ocean liners make their way directly through and out by the narrow pocket at Shimonoseki, either straight across to Shanghai and the Asiatic ports, or down the west coast to Nagasaki. Smaller steamers, some of them quite good, stop at Okayama and Hiroshima, the two most important towns of the Inland Sea, both of which are on the main island.

Probably few people out of Japan remember the name of Hiroshima, or know that the emperor passed the winter of 1894-95 there, in order by his presence to encourage and comfort the troops as they started for the Manchurian campaign. It was far more of an undertaking and a real sacrifice for him than it would have been for one of the more traveled royalties of Europe; on the other hand it was appreciated with



VIEW OF MIYAJIMA

an intensity that could not be known in any other country. All that passion of loyalty that formerly went out to the feudal over-lord has been transferred to the one head, and he is visible and heard of just often enough to mingle a really personal affection with the awe and reverence that belongs to him both as ruler and descendant of the "Divine Ancestors."

Almost opposite Hiroshima is one of the "three most beautiful places," as the saying is; Miyajima, island of the shrine, one of the especially holy places in the land. The other two "most beautiful" are Matsushima, the Pine Islands near Sendai, and Nikko. Miyajima must have been sacred from the very earliest times, very probably before the Malays and the northern Asiatics united to form the Japanese race. Among its primitive customs is the law that no one must be born or die on the sacred ground; sick persons were removed to the mainland if in danger. The same rule held in ancient Delos, and on the island of Kinkazan near Sendai. The rule has relaxed in these modern times.

Miyajima is Shinto, and always has been. The shrines are built on the very edge of the water; at full tide the sea comes lapping over the wide level sands, and under the supports of the galleries, till they stand above it like the piers of a bridge; and when the innumerable lanterns are lighted at festivals their reflection in the quivering ripples is a thing to dream of. At festivals instead of a sacred car they use a boat to carry the implements from one shrine to another, and the great entrance torii stands not on land at all but out in the tide. Tame deer wander all about the groves and down over the sands, with no respect for any sanctity but their own, for they nibble the paper off the very lanterns before the shrines. Like so many Japanese islands, Miyajima is a mountain rising from the sea; and the scenery is very beautiful. At the top there is another very ancient temple, where a sacred fire has been burning no one knows how many centuries.

Shimonoseki—it is sad to use so many hard words, but what can one do?—Shimonoseki is a place of many memories. By



KINTAI BASHI, IWAKUNI

Type of the ancient Japanese bridge.

this narrow winding channel, closed in by steep hills till it seems a mountain lake, the earliest tribes must have wandered from the west and south. Close by, Yoritomo and his followers fought the great fight with the Taira, driving them from the shore to their boats and from the boats into the sea, so that for months the dead clad in armor rolled about the shallow reaches, and the fishermen say that in August at the Feast of Souls their ghosts may be seen lifting imploring hands above the running tide. No fisherman likes to be abroad on those three nights of the August full moon, but least of all on these haunted seas. That was in the eleventh century; with the fifteenth came the Portuguese, and Xavier, and the Spanish Jesuits, converting thousands in these southern portions of the country; and then followed the expulsion of the missionaries, the prohibition of Christianity, and the frightful persecutions with which it was stamped

out. Three hundred years later, and ten years after the shogun's government had signed the treaties with the foreigners, the Prince of Choshu tried to stop a company of ships, French, Dutch, and American, firing upon them as they came through the strait; and as the shogun could not succeed in making Choshu give satisfaction, the powers concerned and Great Britain with them sent a small fleet and bombarded Choshu's batteries, and exacted a heavy indemnity to pay for their trouble, after the usual fashion of nations. That was in 1863. Thirty-five years later, in a charming inn high up on a hill overlooking the strait and the town, Lord Li Hung Chang and Marquis Ito signed the peace between China and Japan—and here a fanatic tried to kill the Chinese diplomat, but happily did him little damage. Naturally this western gate is well fortified, and temptingly beautiful though it is, a camera is a forbidden thing.

THE SOUTHERN ISLANDS AND FORMOSA



Of all place-names in Japan, the one longest known to the rest of the world is Nagasaki; and till one is well used to the map it requires an effort to remember that the port to which the Dutch traders were so long confined was as it were on the edge of the country, far away from the true capital, Kyoto, and still farther from the actual center of rule at Yedo. The fact is that the place was probably chosen for the foreign trade just for this very reason, that it was safely out of the way of both capitals, and on the outer side of a mountainous peninsula, not even belonging to the main island but to Kyushiu.

This island, the southernmost of the four which make up Japan proper, has always played a considerable part in the history of the country. Here the Malay branch of the race probably met with the north-Asian contingent, and from here according to tradition the first Emperor Jimmu started to conquer Yamato; on the north-west coast of Kyushiu, in the thirteenth century, the invading forces of Kublai Khan were defeated in their attempt to land, and with the help of a timely storm utterly destroyed; from Kyushiu the Empress Jingo started against Korea in the third century, and Hideyoshi's army in the sixteenth;—and from the naval port of Saseho near Nagasaki, in February, 1904, the fleet started for Port Arthur and Chemulpo to open Japan's war of self-defense.

Notwithstanding its early importance, during the Nara period and the first Kyoto period—till toward the twelfth century—Kyushiu was behind the Yamato district in civilization; and at all times its chief clan, Satsuma, has prided itself on a certain countrified habit, a Spartan roughness and severity of manners. At the present day few parts of the empire are so conservative, not to say backward, as the two southern islands of Kyushiu and its neighbor Shikoku on the east of the Inland Sea. One reason no doubt is that both islands

are hilly and mountainous beyond the rest even of hilly Japan; which implies more difficulty of communication, and greater poverty, with all its restrictions. Both islands lie in the direct course of the warm Black Current, and both show the beginnings of a sub-tropical vegetation, in fields of sugar cane, orange groves,—the sweet little mandarins, not the large sour *mikan* that grow as far north as Tokyo,—and, where they have not been totally destroyed by wasteful cutting, the great smooth trunks and dark leaves of camphor laurels.

It is a curious fact that from Kyushiu and Shikoku and the lower corner of Hondo came most of the men who have made modern Japan. We have seen already that the personal element in the movement which brought about the restoration was dislike of the Tokugawa rule; and the three clans that led the revolt were Satsuma, Tosa and Choshu. From these three clans came nearly all of the "Elder Statesmen," as they are called now; the generation of whom Ito and Yamagata and Okuma and Inouye are the principal survivors; and throughout the whole Meiji era men of the three clans have been the controlling forces in the government.

From the middle ages onward the lords of Satsuma were among the most important daimyo; and when the Portuguese landed in their dominions and taught them the use of firearms they were in a fair way to pass ahead of all the rest. It needed all the force and skill of Tokugawa Ieyasu to make a vassal of Satsuma after they submitted, and even so, the clan were rivals not to be neglected, holding as they did three provinces in the southern end of Kyushiu; moreover the prince was overlord of the Luchiu Islands as well. True to their Spartan character, they were warriors beyond the custom of all, and like the Dorians, they had their young men study music but not as an inspiration; in theory it was solely for the softening



ADMIRAL ITO
Chief of naval staff.



MARQUIS AYAMA
Chief of the military staff.

JAPANESE MILITARY

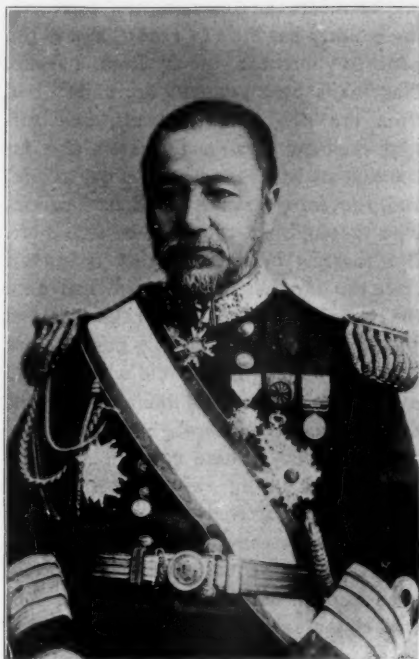
and refining effect on their over-harsh natures.

The history of Satsuma is almost the history of modern Japan. During the earlier years after the coming of Perry, they were loudest in the demands for the expulsion of the foreigners; in 1862 a Satsuma retainer killed the Englishman Richardson for a supposed insult to his lord, and, as said lord declined to apologize and the Tokugawa government was powerless to coerce him, there followed the bombardment of Kagoshima, the chief city of Satsuma, with heavy loss of life on the Japanese side and some little on the English ships. Thereupon Satsuma became convinced of the necessity of yielding to the foreigners so far as to learn their ways of fighting; and when they had helped to put down the shogunate, the clan helped the government to encourage the barbarians in many ways. But the

conservative side came up again; the great General Saigo became alarmed at what he and not a few others thought to be dangerous haste in doing away with the old feudal regime, and he retired from the cabinet and lived in the country, where he spent his time training the young men who flocked to him, in the use of arms and in loyalty to the old traditions. From there he was called to lead the attack on the government known as the Satsuma rebellion, and went reluctantly, uncertain of its rightfulness, and knowing from the first that it was a lost cause. The struggle was short but very bitter, and many fell on both sides before the government was victorious. The last stand was on the hill behind the town of Kagoshima where the castle once stood; and near by they show the cave where when all was lost Saigo and a few followers killed themselves according to samurai custom. One



MARQUIS YAMAGATA
Field Marshal, 1904.



ADMIRAL TOGO
Commander Japanese fleet.

AND NAVAL LEADERS

of the most striking parts of the story is the way in which the subdued province was forgiven by the imperial master, and returned to absolute loyalty toward the government. Twelve years later—in 1890—the dead leader was posthumously restored to his rank and honors, to the satisfaction not only of his kin but of all the people, who revere in him all that is noblest in their traditions.

Besides Kagoshima, the most important city of Kyushiu is Kumamoto, once a castle town and now the capital of a prefecture; a sleepy place bowered in fine trees. Many of our own people will remember the name for the sake of the "Kumamoto Band" of Christian students who had so much to do with the early days of the Doshisha College. Lafcadio Hearn has also made the place famous by certain charming reminiscences of his life there as teacher in the government

school. In these modern days Kumamoto is easily reached by rail, through picturesque alternations of coast, mountain and cultivated plain. Just around Kumamoto the country is especially rich; and in Kyushiu the long season makes it possible to raise two crops of rice in a year, so that rice land is doubly valuable.

Nagasaki is nearly opposite Kumamoto, but to reach it you must either go around Shimabara Bay or sail across it and out between several large islands to the most western part of Kyushiu. The harbor is a deep curving pocket running up between high wooded hills; the town is not large, and what there is of it is, as it were, tilted up on edge. It is rather a sleepy little place; the coal yards are some little way off, and so are the docks where they build ocean steamers of 6,000 tons, and as a trading port Kobe and Yokohama are far ahead. This is natural enough, when

one considers the situation; the surrounding country has little to export, and is too poor to purchase much from outside. Nagasaki's own products are chiefly coal from the neighboring islands, and tortoise shell and coral; and it caters also for the tourists who have usually a day ashore, and, too, for the sailors of all nationalities who abound in every far-eastern port. But there is indeed a mighty falling off since the days when the Dutch had here the monopoly of the trade of the whole of Japan; a falling off that is by contrast, for after all what the Dutch did was to send two ships a year, and all their transactions had to be carried on through the appointed agent of the Japanese government, who came to them on the little island of Deshima and received and executed their orders. They were not allowed to leave this island, nor could more than a certain fixed number of Dutch reside there. Yet with all these restraints, and the prohibition on all western knowledge, Japanese students contrived to learn a great deal through those who were employed as agents and interpreters, particularly about western medicine; and on the other hand the Dutch got a great deal of more or less correct information about Japan. In particular von Siebold, early in the nineteenth century, obtained maps and accounts of Japanese geography and geology, with specimens of plants and other scientific data for several large volumes, which helped much to arouse the curiosity of Europe over the mysterious country.

Nagasaki was the stronghold of the Portuguese and Spanish missionaries, and in that region Christianity held out longest. Indeed, the Christians made an attempt to revolt against the shogun's government, and might have made some headway but for the warning the Dutch gave; these even helped with their ships, doubtless considering that Roman Christianity was worse than none at all—and, perhaps, that the friends of their rivals had best be disposed of. Shimabara castle was taken, and not only men but women and children

were driven into the sea. Still the "evil sect" lingered in Nagasaki, and the authorities made a house to house inspection, requiring all to trample on a crucifix as proof that they had no leanings toward Christianity. All apparently yielded, but some undoubtedly hid the symbols of their faith while openly renouncing it. A few years ago a crucifix was found in Nagasaki hidden inside an image of Amida Buddha; probably some unhappy apostate placed it there, and when he bowed at the shrine felt that at least he was bowing before the cross.

The town of Nagasaki is even steeper than Hakodate; the streets going up from the water are almost steps. Nearly at the top there is a temple with a huge bronze torii in front of it, and a curious bronze horse in the courtyard. Still higher up, but belonging to the temple, there is a grove of great camphor trees, with immense trunks and thick spreading branches, making a dense shade. The dark glossy leaves when bruised smell strongly of camphor. Under the branches you look almost directly down on the harbor, where there is nearly always some big steamer coaling. The coal comes from this part of Kyushiu, and is softer and more smoky than the northern coal. It is startling to see the barges come alongside, and discover that the stevedores are women! Men handle the boat and do the shoveling, but women and girls pass up the flat baskets from one to another till the coal can be dumped into the bunkers. They are dressed like the peasant women who work in the fields, in dark cotton trousers and leggings, and straw *waraji* or sandals, the skirts of their kimonos tucked up almost to the knee; a blue and white cotton handkerchief covers the head—at least it is usually white when they come on, but not when they have finished. A few years ago the wage for this work was eleven sen a day; now it has gone up to thirty or even fifty.

From Nagasaki then the liners go out, two miles down the deep bay, and around the high rock the Dutch called Pappen-

burg; seeing the mountainous coast for a time, and the square sails of the fishing fleet clustering like a flock of gulls; on and across to Shanghai and the ports of China. To reach Formosa, we must go back to Kobe and take a steamer of the Nippon or Osaka line for the four days' run to Kelung, and in like manner Kobe is the port of departure for the steamers running between Japan proper and the Luchiu Islands. The nearest of these lie only twenty-five or thirty miles from the southern point of Kyushiu, and from the middle ages on belonged in part to Satsuma, and in part were regarded as independent though tributary to Japan. On the other hand China claimed suzerainty over a part, and to keep the peace the "King" of Luchiu paid tribute to both powers until Japan's claim was finally settled in 1879. The people are a mixed race, not precisely Japanese, and there are many Chinese traits and habits among them; Japanese is understood, but they have a language of their own neither Japanese nor Chinese in type. The climate is said to be hot but healthy, and the scenery picturesque. The largest island is only forty miles long and twenty wide, and the next, though longer, is less than ten miles across. They are not clustered together, but strung out in a chain over five hundred miles long. The chief exports are sugar and a peculiar hempen cloth which is a good deal in demand.

Far more important in every way is the "Ilha Formosa," the fair island, as the Portuguese called it, which was ceded by China as part of the indemnity in 1895. Ceded, that is, in the sense that she agreed to give it up; but there is proof that with her unflinching love of duplicity, she encouraged if she did not actually plan the Black Flag rebellion, which cost Japan over five thousand lives.

Geographically Formosa should probably be classed as the topmost of the Philippine group; the sharp southern point is only a little over two hundred miles from the island of Luzon, while it is twice as far

from southern Luchiu. On the other hand, it is separated from China only by the strait of Formosa, which is nowhere much over a hundred miles wide.

As a result, the native Formosans present several grades of blend between Malay and Chinese, besides a large population of entirely Chinese descent, but established in the islands for some generations. Most of these Chinese were from the neighboring province of Fokien, to which Formosa was considered to belong. This Chinese occupation, however, was confined to a very small portion of the coast, and even at the present time nearly all the interior of the island is virgin forest inhabited only by the original savages. Further, though the Chinese undoubtedly discovered it at a very early period, their attempts at colonization did not begin till the fifteenth century; at which time pirates both Japanese and Chinese swarmed all about the coasts, and used the island as a convenient stopping place. They seem to have combined piracy with regular and peaceful trade, as circumstances happened to dictate; plundering in retired places, and then returning quietly to their own country to sell their products. That the Chinese were cruel to the natives seems evident, even if we reject the story that one captain, being enraged with some of the savages, slew whole villages and calked his boats with the blood of his victims. This much is sure, to this day the Formosan hates pig-tails with an undying hatred, and never loses a chance to take one off head and all.

Though the Portuguese were the first to see Formosa and give it a name, they never had any colony there; but the Dutch and Spanish did, the Dutch afterward driving out the Spanish and establishing forts both in the north and on the west coast. They seem to have treated the Formosans at first very severely, but when they were established they governed on the whole justly, and imported Dutch missionaries for the people, who seem to have been most earnest and excellent men, and



MARQUIS ITO



BARON KODAMA

STATESMEN OF THE

highly successful in improving the ways of their charges. It was a very profitable position for the Dutch traders, and they occupied it for about fifty years, when they were driven out by a chief named Koxinaga, the son of a Chinese pirate and a Japanese woman. Koxinaga was a follower of the Ming emperors, who were overthrown in the seventeenth century by the present line of Manchu Tartars. His father fought for the Mings, and Koxinaga while still a young man led a formidable expedition against Nankin; but through jealousies among his generals his expedition failed, and he retired on Formosa and the neighboring Pescadores, which lie between Formosa and the mainland, and from there took possession of Formosa. The fight with the Dutch was a fierce one, and lasted a number of months, but in the end the chief conquered and sent off all the survivors to Batavia; after which Koxinaga set himself up as king on behalf of the

Mings. Of his two sons, the one was fierce and warlike and the other weak and pleasure-loving; Koxinaga meant the former to succeed him, but soon after his death the youth was murdered, and the weaker brother presently submitted to the Manchu and cut his hair in a cue in token of submission and was left in possession of the island.

From this time the history of Formosa is more than ever one of revolt and bloodshed and treachery. The Chinese government did not discourage undesirable characters from leaving Amoy and other places on the mainland, and settling in Formosa; and the population was utterly lawless. One large division were the Hakkas, a tribe who came down from the interior somewhere and never mingled with the other Chinese, but who were called by them Hakka, strangers. These came over to Formosa in great numbers. They differ from the ordinary Chinese in being



COUNT OKUMA

VISCOUNT KATSURA
Prime Minister

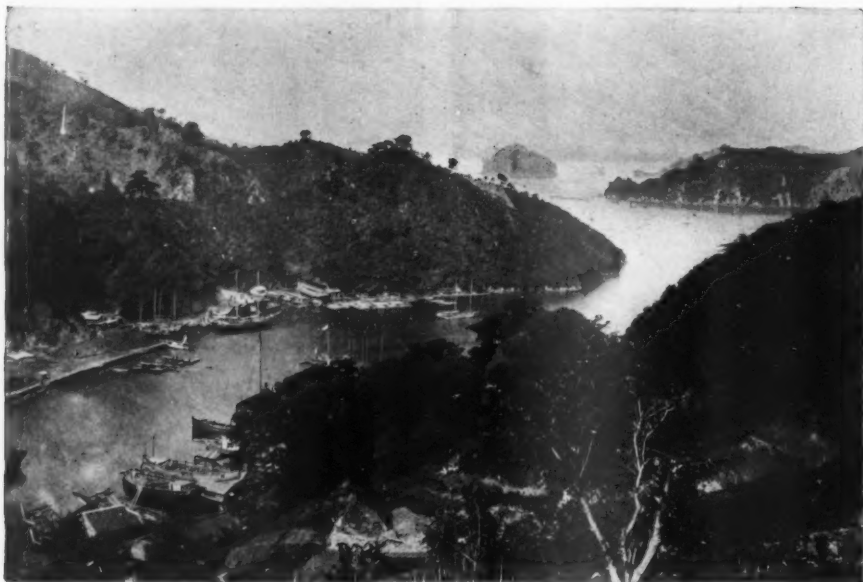
JAPANESE EMPIRE

fierce and fond of fighting, and they form today a turbulent and troublesome part of the Formosan population. Then there are the Formosans of the plains on the west coast, who have come under the influence of the Chinese and perhaps the Dutch also, though little or no trace of the Dutch language or teaching could be found even a very few years after their departure. These are peaceable and industrious, but not particularly bright people, and they are constantly exploited by the more clever Chinese.

When American ships began to cross to China, in the first half of the nineteenth century, the wild shore of Formosa was a constant danger, and the savages of the east coast and the south treated shipwrecked people most cruelly, while the powers vainly begged and ordered China to control her troublesome subjects. Meanwhile the camphor trade had drawn English, Americans and Germans to the two points

where the harbors were good enough for foreign ships, namely Tamsui, in the north and Anping on the west. The Chinese were fairly friendly, and made no very considerable attacks on them, but the officials exploited them wherever they could with genuine Chinese skill in deception; the marvel is how the firms subsisted at all, much less built up as they certainly did a good trade in camphor and in Formosan tea.

In 1874 the Japanese sent an expedition to punish the savages for the ill treatment of certain Luchiu sailors who had been wrecked in Southern Formosa. The government had first made demands on the Chinese government, but was informed that China did not undertake to control the tribes south of a certain point; when the Japanese expedition was formed, however, China at once declared that it was an invasion of her territory and an unfriendly act. The Japanese went on nevertheless, sub-



PAPPENBURG, NAGASAKI

In arm of the Inland Sea.

dued certain tribes after some sharp fighting, and made a friendly treaty, which was well kept. The leader was General Saigo, brother of the great Saigo, and he seems to have used much tact in dealing with the savages.

Ten years later the French made an attack on Kelung, the northern port, their excuse being that China needed punishment for resisting them on the mainland. But the Hakka force fought bravely, and the French lost heavily and after several months were very willing to find an excuse to withdraw. The viceroy, who happened to be very enlightened for a Chinese official, made this an excuse to improve roads, harbors and other conditions, but his innovations did not come to much. At least, however, the island was now governed as a separate province; and its products, tea, sugar, etc., made Japan regard it as worth making a point of as a portion of the indemnity paid by China in 1895. Li Hung Chang granted it regretfully, and as I have already said, while pretending to give it up at the appointed time, the Peking authori-

ties were really encouraging the Formosans to revolt under the famous Black Flag chief Liu. For months the Japanese carried on a costly and most difficult war in mountain passes and against villages that put out white flags and then fired on the advancing Japanese. Still worse, unsanitary conditions helped the deadly Formosan fever to carry off far more than the Chinese killed; among those who died being Prince Kita Shirakawa, cousin of the emperor. On the tenth anniversary of his death, this prince was formally enrolled as a kind of patron saint of the island, the governor taking that opportunity to set forth much wise moral instruction for the islanders.

Much is assuredly needed. As we have seen, the Formosan Chinese have never known what it was to obey laws, and there are besides the Hakkas, who delight in fighting, and two classes of aborigines, whom the new masters expressively call "tame" and "raw" savages. These last are the famous head hunters, who kill not only for enmity but to decorate their houses. They live in the wild mountain

forests, and make matters unpleasant not only for the Chinese who come after rattan and camphor but even for the short-haired Japanese, whom at first they expected to help them exterminate the pigtails. No very settled policy has been found for dealing with them; the most satisfactory seems the formation of a kind of settlement here and there in the savage districts wherein a conscientious Japanese official gathered the important members of a tribe into a Japanese village, and is giving them object lessons in decent living. Where this has been tried it has been fairly successful; but, even so, only the edge of the mountain region has been touched.

Situated in the tropics, and in the midst of the Black Current, Formosa gets not only much heat but an immense amount of rain, and exceedingly violent storms. The rivers, coming from the mountains, are liable to rise many feet in a few hours, and must be allowed even wider beds than the rivers of Japan itself. On the other hand the soil is very fertile, and the hot sunshine very favorable to tea, sugar and other tropical crops. But the native cane is very small and poor, and the government is making vigorous efforts to introduce cuttings from Hawaii; in 1903 it imported a very large quantity, and made the planting of it compulsory. Better camphor stills, or stoves, as they call them, are another useful addition. But it is up-hill work, for the officials have to struggle against prejudice and duplicity combined, and the dead weight of Chinese conservatism. Yet there is progress, and one of the good signs is the lessening of the number of opium smokers in these ten years of Japanese occupation. When Japan first took over the country, there was much difficulty over the opium question, and the final decision was to issue licenses to confirmed smokers. It was a compromise, and vigorously opposed by many, of course, but it seems to have worked fairly well. Theoretically of course no new licenses are granted and the object is to stamp out the habit entirely.

The capital, Taihoku, is thirty miles by

rail from the port of Kelung, which is the only harbor in the island that can be entered by large vessels, and even there till lately these had to lie a mile or so from the shore; now there is a pier. The approach is very beautiful; behind are the mountains, and all around the high shores green with tropical vegetation; in the midst of the harbor lies a graceful little island called Palm Island. The railroad to Taihoku was



NATIVE FORMOSANS

actually built by the Chinese, after the fight with the French; it is not an affair to be very proud of, but is useful nevertheless.

Taihoku is a modern Japanese town, well built and well drained; there is a plentiful supply of water, and the governor has taken the fine blocks of dressed stone from the old walls and laid miles of gutters along the streets, which are flushed out daily. This is the official quarter; the small foreign population keeps to the quarter called Twatutia or Daidotei (everything in Formosa has at least two names, the Chinese and Japanese pronunciation of the same characters; lucky too

if it does not have a separate title in English or French). Finally there is a third quarter completely Chinese, with the usual high narrow houses that seem specially constructed to exclude light and air, and are painted with the fierce cobalt and green and red in which the Chinese soul delights. The pig shares the courtyard with his master, and it does not seem strange that plague is seldom quite absent from the city in spite of all the sanitary rules the Japanese can bring to bear. Still, the place is a paradise of cleanliness to what it was ten years ago—or Korea is now!

Much of the tea of Formosa is grown on the hills around the capital. Some of it goes to Kelung and so across to Japan and America; the rest is sent down the river to Tamsui, and shipped across to Amoy and so by Suez to New York. The picking and curing is carried on much as it is in Japan. Coffee is another of the products that the government is doing its best to encourage.

Camphor is of course the most important product of the island, as Formosa supplies most of what is used in the world. The trees grow in the mountains, chiefly in the northern part; those far in the interior cannot possibly be reached on account of the savages, but it is a stiff climb in any case to get to them, and the paths lead through a densely tangled forest, where the valuable rattan grows yards and yards long, climbing over the trees. The best camphor trees are many feet thick, and one lasts a worker for a year or two. They cut off chips of the wood, pack them in a large jar with plenty of water, and steam them vigorously for half a day at a time; then take out the under pile of chips by a little door provided for the purpose, and fill up at the top and repeat. The vapor goes off into a cooling box, and after a due interval the white camphor is scraped off like snow from the inside. So far Japanese workmen succeed better than Chinese, as they seem to have more sense in managing the fire, which makes a differ-

ence in the quantity obtained; but not many of that class go to Formosa, and nearly all the ordinary labor is done by Chinese.

The south of Formosa is more malarial and unhealthy than the north. Mosquito experiments have been made, proving a pretty clear case for inoculation, but to protect oneself against the vicious little beasts is far from easy. Anping, Takow and Tainan are the only towns of any size in the south; the last contains over 100,000 people, among whom are a few foreigners, and some 5,000 Japanese. It lies back from the sea, about two miles and a half from Anping, which was the place occupied by the Dutch. The ruins of their old Fort Zelandia can still be seen. All three of these places are on the west coast; on the east the mountains come almost into the sea; and the only attempts at harbors are mere clefts in the enormous wall of cliffs. What those cliffs and mountains contain has yet to be discovered; it is needful first to convert the "raw" savages from their head-hunting habits. But the great mountain, Morrison, has been climbed by a few bold explorers, one of whom was a Japanese scientist. It is over 14,000 feet high—the highest mountain in the empire, and they say snow lies on it half the year. With such a mass of elevated land in the island, Formosa must some day have plenty of cool and comfortable retreats for the worst part of the year; but that day looks far off still. Road-making proceeds as fast as Governor Goto's appropriations will allow, and the rattle of steam rollers must surprise the long-horned water-buffaloes in the "paddy-fields."

East and west, past and present, have surely met in Formosa. Thirty-five years ago, Japan called in the aid of American experts to develop her colony in Yezo; today, Japanese who have investigated the colonies and tropical products of half the world are giving their strength and sometimes their lives too for the improvement of this far island and its inhabitants. Mistakes they have no doubt made and must

make; but I believe a study of her colonies will convince the most skeptical that Japan has no small right to her claim to be the light-bearer of the East. The country that half a century ago reluctantly admitted Anglo-Saxons to her ports, stands today as the champion of the rights and ideals that the Anglo-Saxon race holds most dear. She is fighting for those rights

on the Yalu River, not only for herself and Eastern Asia, but for us also; for us of the United States, who will gain by her gain as we have already profited by her enlightenment. With Japan as leader of Asia, there can be no "Yellow Peril," but instead there will be another force added to the cause of justice and liberty on the earth.

REVIEW QUESTIONS ON READING JOURNEY THROUGH JAPAN

KYOTO: THE HEART OF OLD JAPAN

1. Describe the physical geography of Japan.
2. What wonderful progress has been made by the Japanese people in the last twenty-five years?
3. How were the islands probably settled?
4. Why is Kobe a good point from which to begin a visit to Japan?
5. What points of interest has Kobe?
6. What industries flourish at Osaka?
7. What historical traditions were associated with Osaka?
8. What is the legend of Yamato-take?
9. What problems are met by the Japanese boy in learning his alphabet?
10. What is the rule for pronouncing Japanese words in English?
11. What are the imperial insignia of Japan? What legend accounts for them?
12. Where is the sacred mirror and how is it protected?
13. What special charm has the old capital of Nara, and when was it the capital?
14. Describe the appearance of a Japanese city.
15. What are the characteristic colors for Japanese garments?
16. On what plan was Kyoto laid out?
17. What is the significance of its name?
18. Why are the present buildings believed to be faithful copies of earlier ones?
19. Describe the imperial palace at Kyoto.
20. What is the Doshisha?
21. What place does Shintoism occupy in Japan?
22. What characteristics have the Shinto temples?
23. What important meeting was held in the Nijo palace?
24. What are some of the chief places of interest in Kyoto?
25. What are the "eight beauties of Omi"?
26. What circumstances led to the building of the Biwa canal?

FROM KYOTO TO KAMAKURA

1. What were the two ancient highways from Kyoto to Tokyo?
2. What are the specialties of Gifu and Nagoya?
3. What importance have the two chief shrines of Ise?
4. Describe the appearance of a tea plantation.
5. Describe the famous mountain Fuji.
6. What position has the Hakone mountain chain?
7. What characteristics have the two favorite resorts which are reached

from Kodzu? 8. What is the story of the Minamoto and the Taira? 9. What are the sights of Yokosuka? 10. Describe present-day Kamakura. 11. What famous image is here? 12. What circumstances led to the building of modern Kamakura? 13. What incidents show the ideals of the Japanese warrior class? 14. What is the charm of Benten's island, Enoshima?

TOKYO

1. How do Tokyo and Yokohama compare in size?
2. What peculiar interest for Americans has Uraga?
3. How did Yokohama become a foreign concession?
4. What evidences of the presence of foreigners do we find in Yokohama?
5. What occupations bring foreigners to Tokyo?
6. What is the title of the foreign concession and what its general appearance?
7. Who were Ota Nobunaga; Hideyoshi?
8. How was the power of the shogun strengthened under their successors?
9. What were the yashiki?
10. How long did the Tokugawa period last and what was its character?
11. What has become of the feudal yashiki?
12. Why did the Tokugawa close the country to foreigners?
13. What influence had learned Chinese refugees at this time?
14. What led the shogun to resign in 1868?
15. What surprising events followed soon after?
16. Describe the situation which made such changes possible.
17. What name did the young emperor give to this period?
18. What changes have come to Tokyo in late years?
19. Describe the appearance of the palace grounds.
20. What is the form of government in Japan?
21. What restrictions are placed upon voters?
22. What different characteristics have the two large parks of the city?
23. What is true of the University of Japan?
24. Describe the flower months.
25. What importance has the sixteen petaled chrysanthemum?
26. Why are educational institutions suffering in Japan?
27. Who were the forty-seven ronin?
28. Contrast the two temples of Asakusa and the Shintō temple on the Kudan.

THE PROVINCES

1. What preparation must a traveler make for a journey through the provinces? 2. Describe the appearance of Nikko and its shrines. 3. Why has Karuizawa special charms for the foreigner? 4. What are the characteristic conditions at Niigata? 5. For what is Kanazawa famous? 6. How was the country divided when the daimyo gave up their provinces? 7. How are these divisions governed? 8. What three cities have their own local government? 9. Describe the cultivation of rice. 10. What is the nature of Japan's water supply? 11. How is lacquered work prepared? 12. Under what conditions is the silk industry carried on? 13. What gives Sendai peculiar interest? 14. Describe Matsu-shima. 15. What is the nature of the northern part of the island of Hondo?

THE HOKKAIDO, AND BACK TO KOBE

1. What are the physical characteristics of Hokkaido? 2. How did Japan gain possession of the Kuriles? 3. How do the Ainu contrast with the Japanese? 4. Describe an Ainu feast. 5. What is their method of worship? 6. Describe their mode of life and their industries. 7. What missionary work has been done among them? 8. Give an account of the opening of Hokkaido.

9. How has American influence been felt here? 10. Why does the government take great interest in the food supply of Japan? 11. What are the characteristics of Hakodate? 12. What is the Inland Sea? 13. What importance has Hiroshima? 14. What are the "three most beautiful places" in Japan? 15. Describe Miyajima. 16. What historic events are associated with Shimonoseki?

THE SOUTHERN ISLANDS AND FORMOSA

1. What part did Kyushiu play in the early history of Japan? 2. How has the character of the region affected the people? 3. What three clans led the revolt against the shoguns? 4. What famous men of today belong to these clans? 5. Describe the part played by Satsuma in the years from 1862 to 1890. 6. By what events has Kumamoto been made famous? 7. What was the nature of the Dutch influence at Nagasaki? 8. What are the chief characteristics of the town? 9. What is the character of the Luchu Islands? 10. How did Formosa come into the possession of Japan? 11. What is its geographical situation? 12. What has been the attitude of the inhabitants towards China and why? 13. How were the Dutch driven from Formosa? 14. What turbulent history has this island known? 15. What attempts has Japan made to improve conditions in Formosa? 16. What are the chief products of the island?

BIBLIOGRAPHY ON JAPAN

The following bibliography makes no attempt to be exhaustive, but suggests a considerable number of the best and most available books for American readers. By reference to Poole's Index it will be found that many of the writers have discussed these subjects with more or less fullness in magazines, and material not available in book form may thus be secured through bound magazines. The transactions of the Asiatic Society of Japan are commended to those who want to make a very thorough study of the subject.

Hand Book for Japan. Chamberlain and Mason (London, seventh edition). A complete and popular guide book to the country.

A Hand Book of Modern Japan, E. W. Clement (McClurg and Co., 1903).

This compact little volume deals briefly with all the great questions relating to Modern Japan, giving a rapid survey also of the history of Old Japan. Its discriminating bibliographies at the close of each chapter, make it especially valuable as a reference book.

The Story of Japan, David Murray (Putnam's "Story of the Nations" Series). The best single volume history of Japan in English.

Things Japanese, Basil Hall Chamberlain (London, 1891). A small encyclopedia of topics relating to Japan, accurate and scholarly.

The Mikado's Empire, W. E. Griffis (Harper Bros.).

First published in 1876 but the latest edition covers the war of 1894-95. A most valuable and comprehensive work, dealing with the history of the country and the author's personal observations and experiences during many years of educational effort.

Japan and Industries of Japan, by Rein. Two exhaustive treatises presenting the subject with great clearness and "with German thoroughness."

Feudal and Modern Japan. A. M. Knapp (Joseph Knight and Co.). *Advance Japan*, Morris (1895) and *Japan in Transition*, Ransome, are important works discussing questions relating to modern problems.

The Real Japan, Henry Norman (Scribner). By the well known author of "All the Russias," an English newspaper correspondent of recognized ability, whose keen insight, humor and sympathy give us some vivid impressions of real Japan.

The Yankees of the East, William Elroy Curtis (Stone and Kimball).

An American newspaper correspondent's point of view, by one who has had diplomatic and journalistic experience in many fields. The author gives careful consideration to questions relating to education, missions, industrial progress, etc.

The Leading Men of Japan, C. Lanman (Lothrop). *Matthew Galbraith Perry* and *Townsend Harris* by W. E. Griffis portray some of the men who took a leading part in Japan's awakening.

The New Far East, Diosy, and *The Awakening of the East*, Leroy-Beaulieu (McClure), discuss Japan's relation to other world powers.

Constitutional Development of Japan, T. Iyemaga (Johns Hopkins University Studies), *Educational Conquest of the Far East*, R. E. Lewis (Revell), and Wigmore's articles in *The Nation* and *Scribner's Monthly* are especially valuable upon this aspect of Japan's development.



Japanese Girls and Women, by Alice Mabel Bacon (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

A delightfully illuminating volume. Miss Bacon had unusual opportunities for coming into contact with Japanese women in all ranks of society and as teacher in the peeresses' school she gained an insight into some of the problems of New Japan. The 1902 edition of this book has had the benefit of the author's careful revision in view of the rapid changes in ten years of history.

A Japanese Interior, also by Miss Bacon gives some very vivid glimpses of school life.

Unbeaten Tracks in Japan, Isabella Bird Bishop (G. P. Putnam's Sons). The racy narrative of personal experiences of a world traveler, whose works have from the first commanded attention.

Jinrikisha Days in Japan, E. R. Scidmore (Harper and Bros.).

The author feels indebted to the Japanese for being "the most interesting population in the world," and she has by the charm of her narrative led her readers to hold much the same opinion.

Japan and Her People, Anna C. Hartshorne (Henry T. Coates and Co.).

These two alluring volumes take their place among the admittedly successful works upon Japanese travel. Of Miss Hartshorne's style, students of the "Reading Journey" articles in this magazine can judge, and the larger work presents no less clearly and in greater detail many other phases of Japanese life and scenery.

Lotus Time in Japan, H. F. Finck (Scribner). Described by a well-known student of Japan, as "the best account by any modern traveler."

Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan, Lafcadio Hearn (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

One critic says of this work that it comes "nearer to the truth of things than the accounts of any

other tourist and of some long time residents." Mr. Hearn has sealed his devotion to Japan by becoming a citizen of the country.

Letters from Japan, Mrs. Hugh Fraser (Macmillan).

Mrs. Fraser, who is a sister of Marion Crawford, spent a number of years in Tokyo where her husband was British minister until his death in 1894. Her "letters," a new edition of which has just been published, show sympathy and discrimination of a high order combined with personal knowledge of the things about which she writes. *Custom of the Country* (Macmillan) is also by the same author.

The Heart of Japan, C. L. Brownell (McClure, Phillips & Co.) A recent book dealing especially with aspects of the native life.

Tales of Old Japan, A. B. F. Mitford (Macmillan).

Accounts of the stirring times of feudalism with many valuable notes, some fairy tales and a few specimens of Buddhist sermons.

Historical Tales, Charles Morris (Lippincott). Popular accounts in story form of prominent persons and events in Japanese history.

Japan in History, Folk Lore and Art, W. E. Griffis (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

One of the Riverside Library for Young People. A popular treatment of the history and legends of Old Japan.

The Wee Ones of Japan, Mrs. M. S. Bramhall (Harper).

Japanese babyhood and childhood are set forth in all their irresistible attractions in this charming volume and the effect of the book is further heightened by the skill of the artist who has illustrated it.

A Japanese Boy By Himself, S. Shigemitsu (Henry Holt & Co.).

The author, when a student in this country, wrote this account of his early life to help defray the expenses of his education.

The Japanese Bride, N. Tamura (Harper Bros.). A glimpse of the inner life of a Japanese home by a native writer.

A Japanese Nightingale and Miss Nume of Japan, Onoto Watanna. Charming stories of Japanese life.

Mito Yaskiki, A. C. Maclay (Putnam). An historic romance descriptive of feudal life in Japan.

Honda the Samurai and *In the Mikado's Service*, by W. E. Griffis, give reliable pictures of Japanese life.



Ainu of Japan, J. Batchelor (Revell). The leading authority upon this subject.

The Religions of Japan, W. E. Griffis (Scribner). A fair minded presentation of the religious history and life of Japan.

An American Missionary in Japan. M. L. Gordon (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

A narrative of missionary experiences by a preacher and teacher of rare ability and scholarship who has seen more than thirty years of service in Japan.

Verbeck of Japan and Samuel Robbins Brown' by W. E. Griffis (Revell).

Biographies of two "Makers of the Orient" who as teachers trained some of the men who became leading statesmen in New Japan.

The Gist of Japan, R. B. Peery (Revell); *Japan and Its Regeneration*, O. Cary, and *From Far Formosa*, G. L. Mackay are all of value in relation to the influence of Christianity in Japan.

The Soul of the Far East, Percival Lowell (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

A very suggestive presentation of the Japanese quality of impersonality with its bearing upon their social life, religious development and national destiny. *Occult Japan* by the same author, will be found of interest.

Evolution of the Japanese, Sidney L. Gulick (Revell).

A recent and valuable contribution to the study of the Japanese character. Dr. Gulick takes a different point of view from that of Mr. Lowell and others, seeing much in the influence of environment upon races.

Bushido, The Soul of Japan, Inazo Nitobe (Philadelphia).

An interesting and instructive presentation by a native of Japan of the feudal code of chivalry known as Bushido or "The Warrior's Way."

Joseph Hardy Neesima, by A. S. Hardy (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). The life story of a young Japanese, who was educated in this country and afterwards founded the famous Doshisha in Kyoto.

Gleanings in Buddha Fields, Kokoro, Out of the East, Kotto, Kwaidan, Shadowings and In Ghostly Japan, all by Lafcadio Hearn, are of great value in the light that they throw upon many aspects of Japanese life and thought.

Classical Poetry of the Japanese, Basil Hall Chamberlain (London).

A very clear presentation of the character of Japanese poetry by a recognized authority. But the specimens of poetry as given in translation cannot be regarded as successful renderings of the Japanese originals.

History of Japanese Literature, W. S. Aston. *Things Japanese*, by Chamberlain, also gives a

brief summary of the history of Japanese literature.



The Pictorial Arts of Japan, William Anderson (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.).

A large and expensive work of great value both for the text and the richness of its illustrations. It will be found in large libraries.

Japanese Illustration, E. Strange, *Japanese Wood Engravings*, W. Anderson (Macmillan) and *An Outline of the History of Ukiyo-Ye*, E. F. Fenollosa, deal with the attractive subject of Japanese prints.

Japan, Its History, Arts and Literature. Captain F. Brinkley (J. B. Millet).

This comprehensive work in eight volumes is a survey of Japanese civilization. An abundance of beautifully colored illustrations enrich the text. The last two volumes are devoted to the Art of Japan and the text of these has been reprinted in an edition de luxe in twelve volumes, each of which consists largely of exquisite reproductions of Japanese art.

Ornamental Arts of Japan, Geo. A. Audsley, is also a very large work richly illustrated with colored plates reproducing a great number of works in private collections.

Keramic Art of Japan, Audsley and Bowes, relates, as its name implies, to pottery.

Landscape Gardening in Japan, Josiah Conder.

This fascinating book with its supplementary volume of plates gives a vivid idea of the character of Japanese landscape art, its significance and its charm.

The Flowers of Japan and the Art of Floral Arrangement, by the same author reveal to the uninitiated a new phase of Japanese character, as it is shown in their decorative art.

Japanese Homes, E. S. Morse (Harper and Bros.).

An account of Japanese domestic architecture in all its details "even-down to the water bucket and the kitchen tongs," fully illustrated.

Japan and Its Art, Marcus B. Huish (London).

An excellent popular work in one volume by the editor of *The Art Journal*, designed to present the opinions of the best authorities upon this subject.

An Artist's Letters from Japan, John La Farge (Century Co.). Valuable, as might be expected of a work from the hands of this master. First published in the *Century Magazine*.

Japan, a Record in Color, by Mortimer Menpes (Macmillan). A revelation of the charms of the country as they appear to the eyes of an artist.

READING CLUB PROGRAMS

In the following references to books, in order to avoid repetition, the author's name is omitted. Reference to the complete bibliography on page 596 will enable the student easily to identify the volumes.

FIRST PROGRAM:

1. Map Review of Japan showing provinces, general character of each, climate, distribution of population, volcanoes, lakes, etc.
2. Exercise in pronunciation of Japanese proper names.
3. Subject for roll-call: Legends of the mythical age (see *The Story of Japan, The Mikado's Empire, Japan in History, Folk Lore and Art, Things Japanese, Tales of Old Japan*).
4. Topics for brief oral reports: The Empress Jingu; Shintoism; Michizane (see above books, also *Historical Tales, Japanese Girls and Women*, Chap. VI; *Hand Book of Modern Japan*, Chap. XVII; *The Religions of Japan*, Crifflis, *Japan and Her People*).
5. Subjects for Papers: The Ainu; Early History to the first Shogunate; The Hojo Tyranny and the Tartars; The Portuguese and the Jesuits (see above references, also *Ainu of Japan, and Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*).
6. Selected Readings: "The Story of Mimi-Nashi-Hoichi" in *Kwaidan*. "Social Life in Old Kyoto," in *Japan in History, Folk Lore and Art*. "The Sympathy of Benten," in *Shadowings*. "The Household Shrine," in *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*. "The Mythical Zoölogy of Japan," in *The Mikado's Empire*. "Lake Biwa and Kyoto, Kyoto Temples and Nara," in *Jinrikisha Days*. "Enoshima," in *Japan and Her People*.

SECOND PROGRAM:

1. Topic for roll-call: Japanese Superstitions (see *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan, The Mikado's Empire*, and many other books).
2. Topics for brief oral reports: The Shrines of Ise; Tea Culture; Rice Culture; Will Adams; A Japanese Inn (see *The Story of Japan, Unbeaten Tracks in Japan, Jinrikisha Days, Japan in History, Folk Lore and Art, and Japan and Her People, The Mikado's Empire*).
3. Subjects for Papers: Nobunaga; Hideyoshi; Ieyasu; The Samurai Men and Women (see above, also *Historical Tales, Japanese Girls and Women, Things Japanese*).
4. Book Reviews: *Mito Yashiki*, and *Honda the Samurai*.
5. Selected Readings: From *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan* or from *Lotus Time in Japan*. "Forty-seven Ronins," in *Things Japanese*. "Nikko—The Shrines of the Shoguns," in *Japan and Her People*. "Life in Castle and Yashiki," in *Japanese Girls and Women*. "The Shrines of Ise," in *Japan and Her People*. "The Forty-seven Ronins," or other tale from *Tales of Old Japan*. "Folk Lore and Fireside Stories," in *The Mikado's Empire*.

THIRD PROGRAM:

1. Subjects for roll-call: Japanese customs, as bathing, food, dress, household furnishings,

funerals, mournings, etc. (See all available works.)

2. Topics for brief oral reports: Japan's National Song (see *Hand Book of Modern Japan*, pp. 369 and 332). The Kagoshima and Shimonoseki Affairs (see appendix to *The Mikado's Empire, The Story of Japan, Japan and Her People*).
3. Subjects for papers: Perry's Expedition; The Ten Years from 1858 to 1868; Chief Events Since 1868 (see all available books on Japanese history and lives of Perry, Verbeck and Townsend Harris).
4. Selected Readings: "The Charter Oath of Japan," in *Hand Book of Modern Japan*, or in *Constitutional Development of Japan*. "Tokyo, the Castle and the City," in *Japan and Her People*. "Court Life," in *Japanese Girls and Women*. "The Imperial Family," in *Jinrikisha Days*. "The Captivity of Captain Golovin," in *Historical Tales*. "A Rush to a Volcano," in *The Real Japan*.

FOURTH PROGRAM:

1. Subjects for roll-call: Reports on the position of women as wives and mothers in Japan (see *Japanese Girls and Women, The Mikado's Empire, Things Japanese*, etc.).
2. Topics for brief oral reports: The Festival of New Year's, *O Bon*; The Feast of the Dead, The Feast of Dolls and the Feast of Flags, Festival of the Star Vega, Chrysanthemum Festival and Japanese Memorial Day (see *Hand Book of Modern Japan, The Mikado's Empire, Things Japanese, Japan and Her People, Jinrikisha Days*, etc.).
3. Subjects for papers: The Education of Girls; Domestic Service; Peasant Women; The Mechanism of a Japanese House. (See above books, also *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan, Japan and Her People, Jinrikisha Days, Japanese Homes, Japan and Its Art*.)
4. Selected Readings: "At Home in Japan," in *The Real Japan*. "Cha-no-yu," and "Senke" and "The Merchant's Dinner," in *Jinrikisha Days*. "Temple and House," in *Feudal and Modern Japan*. Selection from "The Japanese Bride," Naomi Tamura. "A Woman's Diary," in *Kotto*. "Of the Eternal Feminine," in *Out of the East*. "Old Age," in *Japanese Girls and Women*. Selection from *The Wee Ones of Japan*.

FIFTH PROGRAM:

1. Subjects for roll-call: Japanese traits (see *Hand Book of Modern Japan*, Chapters III, VI and XVIII, *The Soul of the Far East, Feudal and Modern Japan, Evolution of the Japanese, The Gist of Japan, Japan and Its Regeneration, Lotus Time in Japan*).
2. Topics for oral reports: The Kumamoto Band (see *An American Missionary in Japan*), Neesima and the Doshisha (see *Joseph Hardy Neesima and The Yankees of the East*).
3. Subjects for papers: Buddhism; Christianity in Japan (see *The Religions of Japan, An American Missionary in Japan, The Mikado's Empire, Japanese Girls and Women* and above named books); Bushido (see *Bushido, The Soul of Japan*); Educa-

tional Progress (see *Hand Book of Modern Japan, The Yankees of the East, The Real Japan, Educational Conquest of the Far East, Things Japanese*).

4. Selected readings: "From the Diary of a Teacher" in *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*, "With Kyushiu Students" in *Out of the East*. Selections from *A Japanese Interior*, "A Passional Karma" from *In Ghostly Japan*. Selections from *Gleanings in Buddha Fields*, "Kyoto—The Temples" in *Japan and Her People*. Specimens of Buddhist sermons in *Tales of Old Japan*.

SIXTH PROGRAM.

1. Topic for roll-call: Leaders of New Japan. (See recent magazine articles.)
2. Topics for oral reports: Cloisonné, Lacquer, Metal Work, Sculpture in Wood and Ivory (see *Japan and Its Art*, Murray's *Hand Book to Japan, Things Japanese, Hand Book of Modern Japan*, Chap. XVI, *The Real Japan, Japan and Her People, Industries of Japan, Jinrikisha Days*, Chap. XXIX, and especially the larger works referred to in bibliography).
3. Subjects for papers: Japanese Pottery; Painting and Color Printing (see above works), Landscape Gardening (*Japan and Her People*, Chap. XIV, *Things Japanese*, especially Conder's books, the great authority on this subject).
4. Selected Readings: "Fetes and Flowers" in

Japan and Her People, or Chap. VIII, *Jinrikisha Days*. "Golden Days" in *Jinrikisha Days*. "Ikao" in *Japan and Her People* (description of silk culture), or Chap. XXVI, *Jinrikisha Days*. "In a Japanese Garden" in *Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan*. Selection from Chapter V in *The Soul of the Far East*. "Silkworms" from *In Ghostly Japan*.


SEVENTH PROGRAM.

1. Subjects for roll-call: Japanese Proverbs (see *The Mikado's Empire* or Japanese tales selected from *Kotto* or other of Hearn's books).
2. Topics for oral reports: The New Woman in Japan; Industrial Problems in New Japan (see *Hand Book of Modern Japan* and recent magazine articles).
3. Subjects for papers: Japanese Poetry (see *Classical Poetry of the Japanese*, also *Hand Book of Modern Japan, History of Japanese Literature and Things Japanese*); Prose Literature (see above references); The Japanese Theater (see *Things Japanese, The Yankees of the East, Japan and Her People*, Vol. II, Chap. XII, *The Real Japan*).
4. Selected Readings: Japanese Justice in *The Real Japan*. Three popular ballads in Appendix to *Kokoro*. From recent magazine articles apropos of late developments in Japanese affairs.

Talk About Books

Mr. Redfield attempts a proof of the Lamarckian hypothesis of use-inheritance, more especially by a statistical study of the family histories of eminent men. By limiting his investigations mainly to the inheritance of intelligence and by his emphasis of the immense importance of the doctrine, if true, in social evolution, the work is of more immediate interest to work in education, sociology and psychology, than in biology proper. The first argument is the historical one, that if Weismannism be true, variation toward intelligence would occur according to the law of probabilities, and since the less intelligent propagate more numerously than the intelligent, lower classes would soon preponderate with resulting race degeneracy; and further according to the law of probabilities eminent men should be as numerous in one period of history as another, which assumption the author needlessly disproves by tables of distribution according to the centuries. This part of the work is lamentably weak and forms a poor introduction to succeeding chapters of genuine merit. The author assumes that intelligence is entirely an organic phenomenon, and takes no notice of current conception of social tradition and inheritance of factors influencing the appearance of intelligence. The second part of the argument is positive rather than negative and is worthy of serious considera-

tion. If use-inheritance be a fact, children conceived during the prime of life should as a rule be the most intelligent of the family and possess the more intelligent offspring. The youngest son of a youngest son, of a youngest son, *ad infinitum*, would thus be our hypothetical Solomon. To obtain a means of comparison, Mr. Redfield devised a system of birth ranks. These are ten in number and are denominated a-e, E-A respectively. Each individual is denominated by one of these ranks which refers to his parents' ages at the time of his birth. A refers to ages under twenty-four and one-half years; b, between twenty-four and one-half, twenty-seven, etc. The corresponding age limits were so chosen as to secure a norm or a standard scale, so that the birth rank of any individual chosen at random would have an equal chance of falling in any one of the ten classes, or those of a multitude so chosen would be evenly distributed according to the law of probabilities. This standard scale of probabilities was determined from the Redfield Genealogy embracing but four hundred and twenty cases, which number is much too low for accurate purposes. However, the author compares it with ages of mothers for registered births covering some one hundred and thirty thousand cases and concludes that the scale, if anything is too high,



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and hence adverse rather than favorable to his conclusions.

The author's procedure is to determine the birth rank of a number of eminent men and their ancestry as far as possible and group these according to classes. Among the Hall of Fame men and their ancestry, four are in class A, the number increasing more or less regularly through the intermediary groups to twenty-eight for class A. According to the law of probabilities each group should approximate 13.7. Out of four hundred and sixty-eight great men of the world, the ranks of three hundred and fifty-four were satisfactorily determined; thirteen belong to class A, the number increases to fifty-three for B and jumps to one hundred and thirty-two for A. Without doubt the author has provisionally established the fact that famous men have a higher birth rank than the average. This could not be explained on the Weismann theory, but would readily yield to the Lamarckian view and according to the author such evidence is proof positive of use-inheritance, because there is no other imaginable reason to explain the fact (p. 82). The author's fallacy lies in assuming that intelligence is entirely an organic function and must be explained entirely by organic variation and inheritance. He utterly ignores environmental conditions, the social *milieu* and its inheritance as factors in the problem. This is marked in the chapter on mental aptitudes.

Much the strongest case is made out by the statistics concerning trotting horses, although the treatment is too meager as to details. If his figures are trustworthy, they are very significant for the environmental factors are largely eliminated or equalized. For the ancestry of the one hundred and thirty-two fastest trotters, involving a total of one thousand two hundred and thirty-nine, the average ages are: Sires, 10.20; grandsires, 12.86; great grandsires, 13.14; dams, 9.20; grandams, 9.88, and great grandams, 10.56 years. These ages are probably above the average. The main conclusions formulated are that (1) heredity is influenced by the time elapsing between generations and the degree of activity of the producing individuals, (2) parents transmit to offspring their mental and physical characteristics at the time of reproduction, and (3) that the average length of life tends to approximate twice the average age at which reproduction is effected. Thus the race by observing these laws can voluntarily increase intelligence and duration of life. Whatever may be said of the conclusions, the collation of facts exhibits a great amount of labor and they are extremely suggestive as well as valuable. The work is well and interestingly written and will repay careful consideration.

H. A. C.

["Control of Heredity:" A Study of the Genesis of Evolution and Degeneracy. By Casper L. Redfield. Chicago: Monarch Book Co.]

The subject treated in "Interest and Education" is the most basic and vital in the field of pedagogy. Everything in education centers around this doctrine of interest. The bitter warfare between the Herbartians and the old time "discipline" school was brought to a close by the treatise of Dr. John Dewey before the National Herbart Society. The thesis of this paper was that both theories contained a common fallacy in assuming that the end to be sought was outside the self. The Herbartians made a feeble effort to contest the point, but the more thoughtful have come to see that the new theory is the nearest approach to the truth that has yet been presented. Professor DeGarmo has gone so far as to accept it *in toto* and make it the basis of his latest work. After a brief introduction the author of "Interest and Education" devotes three chapters to what he admits is practically a restatement of Dr. Dewey's doctrine of interest. The next three chapters are also outgrowths of the same principles. The statement of Dr. Dewey's theory, however, is clearer and more concrete than in the original paper. Much has been said since Mr. Dewey produced his new ideas on interest to clear up the whole subject, and a man of Professor DeGarmo's wide range of scholarship and experience could not but improve the opportunity that this afforded him.

The remainder of the work is devoted to an application of the theory to various principles and problems in education. It is written in simple, clear, and untechnical language, and will be of much value to the practical teacher. The illustrations are in most instances drawn directly from the schoolroom and are always excellent. The chapter on "Method" is especially sane and helpful. One cannot but feel occasionally that Mr. DeGarmo has not as completely severed his connections with Herbartianisms as his first chapters might indicate. At times he appears to have simply slipped in a new foundation under old material. This may be due, however, to the fact that he is dealing with the schools of today as they are and not the ideal conditions by which Mr. Dewey must have been guided in his exposition. Certainly the Herbartian desire to make the subject interesting even at the risk of introducing matters not exactly germane appears occasionally in the applied portion of the book, and makes the work seem at times verbose or trifling. It is hardly necessary to devote five pages to an extract from Tom Brown in order to bolster up the advantages gained from play, while the effort to prove the need of utilizing the child's curiosity by a detailed description of a curious caribou seems a little far-fetched. A second edition, through which it is likely that this book will speedily pass, may be made to improve it greatly as a pedagogical work.

F. P. G.

["Interest and Education. The Doctrine of Interest and Its Concrete Application." By Charles



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["The Philippine Islands, 1493-1803." Edited by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Co.]

It is difficult to formulate any one test to apply to ghost stories, but one can safely say they have the true essence of weirdness if they stay with one in an uncanny and clinging fashion after the lights are out and if they make one hesitate to look around in the dark, though common sense says there is no skinny hand ready to clutch. Judged by this test "The Wind in the Rose Bush and Other Stories of the Supernatural," by Mary E. Wilkins, has the real flavor. Almost gruesome at times, the stories have the quality which holds, nor are they spoiled by attempted explanation. The manner of telling is simple and direct. In each of the six the terrible visitation described seems the outcome of some evil deed, or as in "The Southwest Chamber," merely of selfish and evil thoughts. True to her best vein, Miss Wilkins has put her setting among the people she knows best, her New

Englanders with their intermixture of shrewdness and narrowness. In fact so well does she hold to this spirit that the tales seem like the "Uncle Remus Stories" of Joel Chandler Harris, not the product of the author's imagination but faithful reproduction of traditional ghost lore.

["The Wind in the Rose Bush and other Stories of the Supernatural." By Mary E. Wilkins. Illustrated by Peter Newell. 5 x 7½. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.]

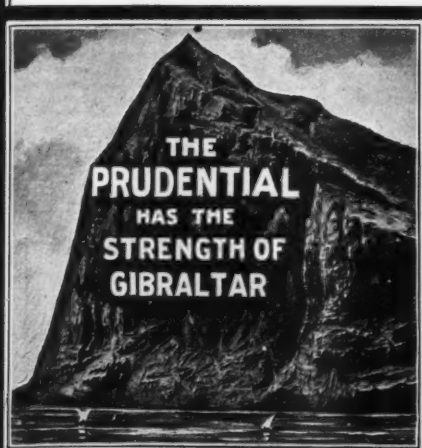
Mr. McMurry has given a treatment in his book on methodology which ought to prove stimulating to any of the teachers he addresses, those teachers, namely, who have in charge children attending any from the fourth to the eighth grades, inclusive, of our public schools. Mr. McMurry has no use for the wooden routine teacher, who drills the pupils merely in the language difficulties of a given text. He believes in the teacher who can stimulate the interest and imagination of the pupils. Knowledge of the language difficulties is to him but a small part of the preparation of a good teacher. Such a teacher, he says, must have also a keen appreciation of the text as literature, and be able to enforce with power the culture value of any given piece. For this reason he advocates strongly the reading of complete pieces or "classics" as he calls them, instead of selection, for only thus, says he, can the full culture value of any piece be obtained. Mr. McMurry does not stop with merely advancing his theories, to make his book less abstract he analyzes two or more "classics" with considerable care, to show the practical application of these theories. Moreover he gives a long classified list of books for use in the grades and of books likely to prove helpful to the teacher. Unfortunately Mr. McMurry has not presented his theories in a very satisfactory manner. He seems to have no plan for the arrangement of his material, thus leaving the reader with the feeling that the book is but a collection of unarranged notes. This is especially evident in chapters IV and V, where the order of his development and summary fails to agree, and in the beginning of chapter VII where the lack of any logical arrangement of the material is even more apparent. Moreover, Mr. McMurry seems unable to grasp as a whole, and so to unify in development and expression, any large block of his book. This leads him, for example, to begin his classifications in chapter III on the basis of the kinds of literature, and to end it on the basis of the characteristics of good literature. His most irritating fault, however, is an over amount of quotation giving especially in chapter I a feeling that he is compiling, not expressing his own convictions.

M. G. F.

["Special Method in the Reading of English Classics." By Charles McMurry. 8 vo. 90 cents. New York: The Macmillan Co.]

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THE CHAUTAUQUAN MAGAZINE

Beginning September, 1904

The leading magazine feature and the one around which other features will be grouped is a series of illustrated articles in THE CHAUTAUQUAN beginning with the issue for September, 1904, entitled

SOCIAL PROGRESS IN EUROPE

BY FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG

Mr. Ogg will be remembered by readers of THE CHAUTAUQUAN as the author of the remarkably valuable series in this magazine during 1900-03, entitled "Saxon and Slav." In the new series Mr. Ogg will interpret from the American point of view what some have called the "social unrest" of Europe since the French Revolution. The light which will be thus thrown upon our own social and industrial problems will not be the least valuable result of Mr. Ogg's contributions.

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REGULAR DEPARTMENTS AND OTHER FEATURES

Miscellaneous articles, C. L. S. C. Round Table, Survey of Civic Betterment, Current Events, Civic and Travel Club programs, Talk about Books, will be maintained and strengthened.

The CHAUTAUQUAN will continue to emphasize its editorial plan of interpretation of current events.

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